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LINDBERGH IN MEXICO is more than the "ambassador of good-will" which he has been called in the Rotary Club phraseology of the day. To use another bit of commercial jargon, he is selling the United States below the Rio Grande more successfully and comprehensively than any diplomat or business man in a quarter of a century. The effort of Obregon and Calles, of the modern movement in Mexico, has been to put the country on its own legs—and on a different kind of legs from those which support the United States. The hope has been to avoid some of the pitfalls of our civilization, of materialism and privilege. This, in turn, has meant a certain degree of isolation. But *voilà!* Lindbergh has landed and is hailed by the same Calles who has shot or deported a dozen persons less dangerous to the aspirations of a Mexico for the Mexicans. Roads are to be built for automobile travel and "tourist aid is planned." Is Mexican isolation at an end and with it some of the dreams of the last decade? It looks as if there were a breach in the border through which presently would roll our whole automobile-radio-jazz-band-five-and-ten-cent-store civilization. For better or for worse? It's as you like it.

COLONEL LINDBERGH IS WARNED to watch out for pot-shots from Nicaraguan rebels as he flies over Nicaragua. The "bandit" General Sandino—who is, in reality, leader of the opposition forces—it is explained, has a disconcerting habit of shooting at airplanes flying over his head. At this point our inquiring schoolboy has a perfect right to rise in his chair and mildly wonder what makes General Sandino so mean to nice airplanes that are doing nothing in the world but occupying some of the air he isn't using anyway. And we must answer that maybe General Sandino remembers certain planes from Managua, that flew over him last July doing considerable damage to his adherents—in fact, not to be too polite about it, killing a few score by dropping bombs on them. The British in India have already demonstrated that bomb-dropping is a very effective way of reducing recalcitrant villages to speedy surrender; our marines were quick to learn the lesson. General Sandino has reason to be suspicious of the sound of an airplane engine, and he has probably reasoned that it will be more healthful for himself and his followers to shoot at the plane first, before ascertaining whether it be friend or foe, marine or "Ambassador of Good-will."

CHINA CONTINUES its murderous chaos, but since the latest and bloodiest violence has been directed against the radicals and the Russians the Western world has temporarily stopped its sermon on law and order. The Soviet Vice-Consul in Canton was killed in the course of the triumphant return of General Chang Fak-wei, and seventy-five Russian consular officials have been deported from the Yangtze Valley. Others are still in prison. The Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Chicherin, declares that "English imperialist reaction must be recognized as the chief moving power responsible for Cantonese bloodshed and for the murder perpetrated on Soviet citizens." One need not accept M. Chicherin's theory at par to feel certain that the intense anti-Russian propaganda campaign conducted by British interests in China is bearing its fruit. While the Nationalists are ousting the Russians and closing labor-union headquarters, their generals are again moving forward. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is invading Shantung from the West, and the Japanese are considering relanding the troops they withdrew last September. Such military movements, while spectacular, are of less permanent importance than the ups and downs of the labor and peasant movements, and it is significant that Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the father of Chinese nationalism, has telegraphed from Moscow to her brother-in-law, General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the reorganized Nanking Government, that if she returns to China it will be to aid those movements.

ON DECEMBER 20, 1927, Robert E. Olds, Acting Secretary of State of the United States of America, informed the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, that moneys due to the Russian Government were to be paid to Serge Ughet, financial repre-

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sentative in America of that Kerensky Government which fell one hundred and twenty-odd months ago. And accordingly the clerk of the court made out a check for $984,104 to the account of Serge Ughet, being the damages due to Russia in connection with the Black Tom explosion of 1916—which had been paid into the custody of the court by the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The theory is that Mr. Ughet, after paying counsel fees, will now turn over the balance on account of the Kerensky debt to the United States Treasury. But in the first place, we should like to see an accounting of those counsel fees; and in the second place, what right has the State Department to order money paid to a ghost?

NOTHING LIKE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT at Christmas time! Here is our Secretary of War, who ten years ago was shouting hosannahs for the war to end war, announcing, on the day after the holiday dedicated to the Prince of Peace, that Congress must at once take steps to revive the war-time munitions industry. He wants to place "educational orders" for the munitions each private plant might be called upon to make in war time, so that the "educated" plant will keep some machinery on hand and have some experienced workers. Secretary Davis appends a note to the effect that the Director of the Budget does not find this proposal contrary to the budget plans of the President, but he fails to give the slightest estimate as to what it will cost or how many thousands of plants will be favored. Of course this is a plan to give to private persons much of the work now done in government arsenals. It is an opening wedge, for, if it is a good thing to give "education" of this character to munition-makers, it will also be a good thing to give that education to makers of every one of the hundreds of thousands of articles which a modern army needs—field stoves, range-finders, special cots—heaven knows what all. Part of the educational process Mr. Davis asks of Congress is the right to award munitions contracts to other than the lowest bidder—all this in the name of preparedness for war. With whom? Either England or Japan; no other foe is in sight. All of this simply emphasizes the utter hypocrisy of the Coolidge Administration when it talks of peace.

NOBODY BELIEVES for a moment that Senator Borah or Heflin or Norris or La Follette ever took a penny from the Mexican Government, either as a bribe or otherwise. But Congress should not be concerned only about the threatened honor of some of its members. The honor of the Mexican Government is as much at stake, and our Government should be as staunch to defend it as we have shown ourselves eager to defend our own citizens. An American citizen has traduced a friendly—more than that, a neighbor nation. A nation, moreover, with whom our relations have been strained from time to time, with whom we are anxious to preserve peaceful and amicable intercourse, and to whom, for that very end, we have just sent a new ambassador, Dwight Morrow, because he is a tactful and intelligent man, and a visitor, Charles A. Lindbergh, because he brings friendship with him wherever he goes. We want to be friends with Mexico. We have shown as much in the plainest possible manner. And at the moment, the best way to be friends with Mexico is to clear Mexico's good name. It is the duty of the Congressional committee investigating Mr. Hearst's "Mexican documents" to probe the matter to the very bottom, to smell out these "documents" from their birth.

GRECO AND CARILLO have been acquitted. Unfamiliar names, these; but they threatened to become as well-known as Sacco's and Vanzetti's. Two obscure Italian-American clothing workers, intensely anti-Fascist, were arrested, with other anti-Fascists last July, on a charge of killing two Fascists on Memorial Day, and they passed more than five months in the Bronx County, New York, jail before the jury's unanimous verdict set them free. The peculiarly sinister feature of their case was that their arrest, apparently, was not due to ordinary police activity—indeed, there was never any evidence worthy of the name against them—but was the direct result of an intimate collaboration between Fascist organizations operating in this country and one or two detectives whose interest seems to have been deeper in Italian politics than in the detection of crime in America. This is not the first occasion when American officials have seemed to act as agents for Mussolini; nor is it likely to be the last. But it is encouraging that a jury of twelve average citizens refused to be made tools of the Duce.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA and in Gary, Indiana, tolerance and sanity have triumphed over militaristic censorship and racial bigotry. President Trotter of West Virginia has resigned; he will be remembered for his edict last November banning from the West Virginia campus a lecture on Intolerance by Kirby Page. Student officers of the R. O. T. C., the Ku Klux Klan, and local branches of the American Legion and of the Daughters of the American Revolution had protested against the pacifism of Kirby Page. The meeting did not take place; but subsequently some of the faculty and students, and a local paper, the *New Dominion*, criticized the university's restriction of free speech. It was the ensuing controversy, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, which resulted in Trotter's resignation. In Gary the colored citizens have won their fight against the introduction of a Jim Crow high school. It looked at first as if the strike of last September, in which 300 white students walked out in protest against the attendance of twenty-four colored students, might achieve its purpose. The city council rushed through a bill providing a fund of $15,000 for the erection of a temporary high-school building to be used only by Negro students, and plans were made for the construction of a permanent high school. Now, however, Gary, to its honor, has repealed the ordinance and its action has been upheld by Judge Grant Crumpacker of the Porter County Circuit Court. The outcome of these controversies provides a graceful and encouraging exit for the year 1927.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is a queer place. Secretary Kellogg has just appointed Arthur Bliss Lane, a "foreign-service officer," as chief of the most important division of the State Department—that of Mexican affairs. "Foreign-service officers" are paid a higher salary than "drafting officers," who spend all their time in Washington; and the law says that they may not spend more than four years in the capital. Last year Mr. Kellogg asked Congress to give him an increased appropriation in order to pay a sufficient salary to a "drafting officer" who could become permanent chief of the Mexican Division.

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The Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Carr, testifying before a House committee on December 13, 1926, said:

> The Secretary finds it very inconvenient in handling questions such as those we have to handle with Mexico, which continue under discussion for years, to have a new chief of division once in every three or four years; and that is what occurs if a foreign-officer is detailed there as division chief. At the end of three or four years, under the law, he must go to the field, and then some new man has to come to the vacant place. The Secretary finds it a very inconvenient arrangement, especially in the Latin-American and Mexican divisions, where the questions are discussed over long periods of time and it is disastrous to have men in charge of the negotiations who are not familiar with the negotiations for several years in succession.

So, Mr. Carr concluded, "the Secretary lays very great stress" upon "bringing someone into the Department and paying him about $6,000 a year and trying to keep him there indefinitely." Congress passed the increased appropriation. On December 12—one year minus one day later—Secretary Kellogg announced the appointment of another foreign-service officer as chief of the Mexican Division—a gentleman who, after serving his three or four-year period of note-writing to Mexico, will be transferred to Poland or Persia.

THERE IS RESENTMENT in Providence, Rhode Island, because the United States Attorney there has induced the local gas and electric company to issue an order to its employees who read meters to report any stills which they find while going their rounds. In behalf of this order it is argued that it is the duty of any citizen to report a violation of law coming under his notice. So is it, for that matter, his right to make an arrest, and perhaps it is his duty to do so in the case of the prohibition law for fear that otherwise the enforcement officers might be bought off and the culprit go unpunished. But it is also true that whatever the duty of a citizen may be, it is no business of his employer to order him to do it, and tale-bearing is an occupation which from their school days up Americans are taught to abhor. It may prove of little advantage to cure Providence of drunkenness if thereby it is converted to snoopery. There is danger also that victims of the Volstead Law, once laughed at by their friends, shall be set up as martyrs. If prohibition does not succeed in the United States, it may be due less to a taste for rum among our citizens than to a distaste for lawless and indecent conduct by enforcement officers.

SUBWAY SUFFERERS who have shrunk from the grime of the New York underworld or peered vainly through windows opaque with dirt will be heartened to hear from James S. Doyle, superintendent of car equipment for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, testifying at a recent hearing. The I. R. T. had discovered, Mr. Doyle confided, that the oil and dust collected on the cars through years of travel through the tubes really acts as a better protector against dust than paint; so the fact that some of the cars have for ten years gone unpainted is really all for the best. In time, possibly, the coating will be thick enough so that layers of it can be scraped off and sold at a handsome profit to manufacturers of automobiles or other conveyances. When questioned about the purity of the air in the subway, Mr. Doyle stated that subway air was purer and better for breathing than air five or six feet above the sidewalks. He admitted that air in the subway was full of dust, but suggested that it was the sort of dust that did not carry many germs. At this point in the hearing Mr. Samuel Untermyer remarked ironically that the witness evidently considered the New York subway a "first-class health resort."

OUR INTEREST IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM is kept alive by new specimens arriving in the mail every week or so. Now we are looking at the *Critical Review*, which is the literary supplement of the New York University *Daily News* and which is constructed on what we suppose to be a fresh principle—that of mixing faculty with students on the list of contributors. Beyond this point we are not impressed. The magazine is large and well-printed—indeed it is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the *Saturday Review*—but with all its attempts at maturity it does not touch us as we are touched by our old friend the University of Kansas *Dove*. The *Dove* is printed much more modestly, on paper which varies its degree of pinkness with each issue, and completely lacks the dignity and suavity of its Eastern contemporary. It is stimulating, however, from beginning to end. It loves fights and keeps several of them going at a time in its columns. For this reason, as well as for the reason that its editors are intelligent and unafraid, the writing is good; at least we like it. And we note with pleasure that our opinion is shared by the following whose letters are quoted on one of its pages: H. L. Mencken, William Allen White, Upton Sinclair, Egmont Arens, Bruce Calvert, Sinclair Lewis, Bruce Bliven, and Norman Thomas. This is a list of which any journal, undergraduate or otherwise, might be proud.

THE SALE of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the first penny paper published in London, now believed to be one of the richest papers in the world, to Sir William Berry and his brother, James Gower Berry, makes them the largest newspaper owners in England. They now possess twenty-two morning, evening, and weekly newspapers, and eighty-eight weekly, fortnightly, and monthly journals, as well as circulating libraries and book publishing enterprises. They have become, with Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Rothermere, the chief owners of British newspapers and periodicals. Thus, three groups of very wealthy men control 90 per cent of the publications and through them the public opinion of Great Britain. What would happen if they should merge their interests? Would there not be a power created thereby so vast as to menace government itself? Naturally they are all extremely conservative in their political views and they are closely affiliated with highly conservative Big Business interests. Thus, a third Berry, Lord Buckland, is said to be a director of more companies than any other individual in the world, his interests being chiefly coal mines, iron, and steel. What chance is there for liberal and radical opinion to obtain a hearing in the press of the Berry brothers? Precious little. On the other hand, the growth of the liberal and labor press of England is negligible. The *Daily Herald* still struggles for existence with the aid of large trade-union subventions, and there is no other Labor daily. If Labor progresses under these circumstances, it is certainly a testimony to the righteousness of its cause.

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1927

WE give below the names of certain Americans who have in 1927 distinguished themselves and their country. As before, we ask that during the coming year our readers aid us by nominating candidates for the 1928 roll of honor.

Inevitably and outstandingly first in 1927, defying all classification and description, stands

CHARLES AUGUST LINDBERGH.

Others we list, as last year, in their respective fields:

Literature

CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY BEARD, for continuing, in "The Rise of American Civilization," to reveal to the United States its own human past.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, for the artistic honesty of his fourth volume of fiction, "Men Without Women."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, for "Tristram," a book which proves that poetry can be both good and popular.

MARK SULLIVAN, for showing us, in "Our Times," that it is possible for a middle-aged generation to look upon itself with the perspective of youth.

CARL SANDBURG and SIGMUND SPAETH, for writing in "An American Songbag" and "Weep Some More, My Lady," the history of America through the words of her old songs.

Drama

EVA LE GALLIENNE, for intelligence and resource displayed in maintaining a repertory theater.

MORAN and MACK, for the creation of a new folk character.

EUGENE O'NEILL for "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed," two enduring additions to America's dramatic literature.

GILBERT MILLER, for bringing Max Reinhardt and his company to the United States.

The THEATER GUILD, for the beauty and originality of its production of "Porgy."

Music

DEEMS TAYLOR and EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, for the creation of "The King's Henchmen," a long step forward in the production of American opera.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, not yet eleven years of age, for proving that musical genius of the highest quality still lives in this mechanistic age.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH, for fifty years of devoted unselfish service to the musical art and a life-long aid and inspiration to struggling musicians the world over.

Art

JACOB EPSTEIN, for the strange beauty of his creations.

Journalism

The *Springfield Republican*, for daring, in the heart of Massachusetts, to expose the class prejudice of the President of Harvard University.

THOMAS H. ADAMS, editor of the Vincennes (Indiana) *Commercial*, who, beginning almost single-handedly, roused his State to deal with the bestial corruption that had usurped its government.

BOYD GURLEY, editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, who carried to effective completion the brave work that Adams began.

DON H. MELLETT, editor of the Canton (Ohio) *Daily News*, whose campaign against the criminal element of his home city brought him national honor, too late, and death.

J. B. POWELL, editor of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, China, who maintained the American tradition of fair play in an un-American community despite overwhelming business pressure.

VICTOR H. HANSON, of the Birmingham (Alabama) *Age-Herald* and the Montgomery *Advertiser*, for the superb service rendered by those dailies to the effort to purge Alabama of organized lawlessness connived at by high authority.

Science

The hundreds of workers in a score of laboratories who step by step have been carrying telephotography and wireless telephony from the realm of the miraculous into the domain of everyday utility.

Business

HENRY FORD, for creating Model A and teaching the advertising experts what national advertising can be.

The Cause of Justice

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, FELIX FRANKFURTER, ALDINO FELICANI, and MRS. GLENDOWER EVANS, who spent themselves in the effort to save their Commonwealth of Massachusetts from the blackest stain in its history.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MCCALL of Alabama, for his determined efforts to stop Klan outrages in a Klan-ridden State.

Public Service Abroad

DWIGHT W. MORROW, who, leaving one of the thrones of the banking world for a minor seat in diplomacy, applied his dramatic imagination to the creation of friendship, and gave new meaning to the phrase "Ambassador of Good-Will."

WILL ROGERS, for serving as Assistant Ambassador to Mexico.

Public Service at Home

Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS, for abusing, and earning the abuse of, Mr. Hearst.

Senator JAMES A. REED, for his exposure of the degradation of Pennsylvania and Illinois.

JOHN COLLIER, secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, for his fight in behalf of the first Americans and his respect for the more ancient American culture.

UPTON SINCLAIR, for the courage and imagination with which he combated the pruderies of Boston.

CARLO TRESCA, who repeatedly risked his own life in his successful effort to save fellow Italian-Americans from the long arm of Fascist vengeance.

Heroism

NICOLO SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, for the calm, uncompromising, yet forgiving spirit in which they faced a frock-coated lynching.

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Abolish the Submarine

ONCE more a submarine disaster has shocked the entire world. If there is anything more horrible than the fate of gallant men slowly asphyxiated in a steel coffin, although able for a time to communicate with their fellows, we do not know what it is. To our lay minds the rescue operations were a disgrace to the navy as to whose boasted efficiency we have long been skeptical—how can a navy be efficient that is headed by men like Daniels, Denby, and Wilbur? We shall, of course, await an inquiry by Congress before forming our final judgment, but why a rescue fleet should connect one airline to the sunken submarine and then have to go back to Boston for a second when that snapped; why the mother-ship should have been at anchor in a nearby harbor without steam up; why a patrol-boat should have been going at 18 knots in restricted waters; and why the navy has persistently refused to attach lifting rings to submarines and acquire the right kind of a floating derrick after the fate of the S-51, are beyond us. The navy will have to answer satisfactorily these and many other questions if the tombstones of the dead on the S-4 are not to be inscribed: "Murdered by the incompetence and red tape of the navy to which they belonged."

Well, we can only reiterate the demand for the abolition of all submarines which we have voiced so often. Strongly urged at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, the proposal to do away with this weapon of war was there blocked by the French, who next to the English had suffered more from the German submarine than anybody else. It was widely hinted that they preferred not to give up the submarine in order, curiously enough, to have a new and most dangerous means of attacking their late allies, the British. British suggestions that the English were in favor of doing away with under-water boats were met with the scornful remark that of course the English had everything to gain by abolishing the greatest menace to their carrying trade in time of war. The Americans were not ready to force the issue; they were content to rest upon their oars, believing that they had achieved a great deal by checking the production of battleships. So the submarine stayed—to be a menace to its crew in every navy of which it is a part.

Now the facts which made the submarine such a despicable weapon of war in the hands of the Germans are unaltered by the years that have elapsed since the armistice. Naval men everywhere admit that it cannot be handled so as to avoid the danger of sinking women and children as well as men passengers on liners, not even when the commanders have the best of intentions. For to identify a ship running without lights at night, sometimes in high seas, is an extremely difficult task for the commander of a little ship, itself bobbing about on the waves and in danger of being sunk by a single shot. It is no wonder that hospital ships were sunk by accident and that other mistakes occurred which lent color to those charges of submarine atrocities which Admiral Sims declares to have been practically nonexistent. Even when a passenger ship is captured in broad daylight on a smooth sea, the submarine obviously cannot perform the functions of a cruiser and remove the passengers to safety. It was formerly alleged that the naval use of the submarine would lead to its commercial development, but the fact is, of course, that no one cares the least bit about the possibility of a commercial submarine, or wastes five minutes of time in discussing it. It is as a weapon of war alone that the submarine has any use.

As such it should be barred by a concert of nations. Certainly there can be no question of ratios or preponderance of strength in submarines if that form of vessel is barred. This would simply put all navies on an equality. This, obviously, is a matter that the League of Nations ought to take up, and, if it is not able to move, either the United States or Great Britain should take the lead. No one can rightly charge us with desiring an unfair advantage if we seek to outlaw a weapon which had best never been invented. It is one of the subjects which should have been taken up at the unfortunate tripartite naval conference in Geneva. Mr. Coolidge seems to think now that because that failed we must build up an enormous fleet. On the contrary, the failure of that undertaking should be the clearest incentive to attack the evil of naval armaments from another angle. It can be done by direct communications from Washington to the other governments. Enlightened statesmanship in any of the great countries could make the move and save the world the horror of these recurring tragedies.

The Miracle of Life

THE great majority of us have so definite an expectation of death by our eighth or ninth decade—provided even that we are spared so long—that we cannot but look upon centenarians with awe, as if they represented a mystery. And they do. Bernard Shaw, impressed by the ineptitude of most men in human affairs, wrote "Back to Methuselah" around the idea, which no one could be sure was whimsical with him, that sooner or later the race should produce biological sports in the form of persons who would live not merely one century but three, and eventually an almost unlimited number of millenniums—and so become wise. In Shaw's play "the miracle happened." Even in our own day it happens occasionally, though in most cases we have instances merely of remarkable physical survival and few or no instances of inordinately wise men being spared.

The country was recently agog over the Kentucky mountaineer John Shell, still able-bodied at 131—a contemporary, that is to say, of George Washington as well as of Calvin Coolidge. More recently we had occasion to congratulate Miss Emily Howland, who was a teacher before Lincoln was a well-known lawyer and who since long before the Civil War has been interested in the improvement of the Negro's lot, upon her hundredth birthday. And now we may be amazed at the report of Dr. Cyril Popoff, director of the statistical department of the Bulgarian Government, that Bulgaria, whose whole population is less than that of New York City, has 3,139 centenarians, or 58 (we have only 4) in every 100,000 persons. We may well ask if anybody in Bulgaria knows why it is so. This is what a commission of doctors reported after visits to the homes of the long-lived:

> Virtually all showed that their lives were characterized by a placidity of disposition, freedom from worry, and a contemplative bearing. All were of friendly disposition, optimistic, fond of singing in their youth and in their old age. As a rule they play some musical instrument, drink only mild alcoholic drinks prepared in their own homes, and these only in small quantities and at mealtimes. They sel-

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dom smoke. They eat mainly vegetable food and milk products, usually sour milk and buttermilk. They are all industrious, early risers, and sleep uncovered as long as possible. Their domestic life is characterized by moderation; they have married late, usually after thirty, and have had from five to ten children. Almost all of them live in the open and are farmers.

We shall refrain from sermonizing, although the passage contains a hundred texts. We refrain because we are not sure after all that any of these habits is a cause of longevity in itself. A German physiologist has declared that longevity is some freak of the individual constitution which cannot be explained; and some months ago Dr. Logan Clendening circulated his belief in America that the number of years we live is more or less predestined—depends, indeed, upon the shapes of our bodies, and certainly is not to be increased by such simple means as fresh air, abstinence, exercise, and sleep.

It is to be hoped that serious study will be made henceforth of centenarians wherever and whenever they can be examined; for valid generalizations in this field would be of the first importance. Meanwhile we take pleasure in a survey of Some Famous Centenarians made by J. V. Nash for the *Open Court*. Mr. Nash begins quite properly with "Old Parr," the English peasant who was born in 1483 and who died in 1635 of high living in London, whither he had been brought as a curiosity for Charles I to see. Tom Parr had worked on one farm for more than 100 years, had married twice, at 80 and at 120, and was said by a contemporary versifier to be covered over with a thick growth of hair. The great Harvey, performing an autopsy on Parr, found the brain hardened and the blood "dry," but pronounced the body in other respects very much like that of a young man.

Then there was Thense Abalva, a woman of the Caucasus whom a Russian newspaper reported in 1904 as being 180 and as eating principally barley bread and buttermilk. One Drakenberg, a Norwegian who was known in the eighteenth century as the "Old Man of the North," was active as a sailor for 91 years and lived to be 146. About the Hungarian farmer Peter Zortay, said to have attained the age of 185, we unfortunately know no more than that—if indeed we know that.

Mr. Nash produces several instances of men and women who have survived serious handicaps for more years than most people live altogether. Nicoline Marc, a little crippled French woman, died in 1760 at the age of 110. A Scotch dwarf, Elspeth Wilson, was only two feet high but lived 115 years. And, as indeed our own newspapers are always telling us when they can, individuals here and there get along very well in spite of the fact that they have violated every supposed rule of health. Metchnikoff, who incidentally believed that many people could live to 150 if they avoided the foods which lead to intestinal putrefaction, recorded the case of a man who lived to be 140 and during more than a century was habitually drunk. Elizabeth Durieux of Savoy drank 40 small cups of coffee a day, and seems to have subsisted on that beverage, yet she was 104 when she died.

It is the convention to be amused at such persons as we have described, and there are those like Jonathan Swift who grow angry at the thought and create a race of Struldbrugs to show how little worth living life would be if we had this much of it to undergo. But secretly we may be envious and, if Dr. Clendening is right, pray to be possessed of one of those bodies predestined to last almost forever.

Temperance?

A RECENT issue of the New York *World* printed two strongly contrasting stories. In one Dr. Charles A. Perelli, trustee of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, urged those New Yorkers who insisted upon buying Christmas liquor to have it tested by a chemist before trusting it to their stomachs. In the other James M. Doran, United States Prohibition Commissioner, issued a warning to all companies employing chemists in the course of which they were threatened with revocation of their alcohol permits in case they should presume to permit the analysis of liquor to be made for any who had obtained it through illegal channels.

Both Dr. Perelli and Mr. Doran are supposed to be working in the interests of public health; both knew perfectly well that unnumbered gallons of liquor would be drunk during the holiday season; but while the one hoped to make that drinking as harmless as possible the other forbade the only persons qualified to do so to separate the wholesome from the poisonous. Dr. Perelli is alarmed to consider that the number of alcoholic cases treated at Bellevue during the first ten months of 1927 was practically equal to the number for the whole year of 1926, and he would consider that something had been done to abate the liquor evil if he could decrease the number of deaths during Christmas week. Mr. Doran on the other hand looks forward to a jolly se'nnight of fatalities. The more people who die from poisonous liquor over the holidays the nearer, apparently, he will consider himself to that "effective enforcement" of which he speaks.

In more thoughtful days prohibition was urged as a humanitarian measure. Its purpose was to afford protection to those too weak or too foolish to protect themselves; in a word, to take poison out of the mouths of those who continued in spite of all warnings to the contrary, to drink it. But since the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted this humanitarianism seems with many to have disappeared, and some of the very people who protested against allowing the drinker to harm himself with relatively wholesome tipple now resent any effort to save him from bad and wash their hands of that brother of whom they had been previously so anxious to proclaim themselves the keeper. The consumption of any alcoholic drink may be evil, but no other crime defined on the statute-books deprives the man who commits it of the right to be protected in life and limb. The law will protect the burglar against blackmail; no opponent of gambling has ever yet suggested that that vice be discouraged by the circulation of loaded dice and marked cards in order that he who indulges it may be cheated and fleeced as thoroughly as possible. Does he who raises a glass of alcoholic liquor to his lips put himself outside the reaches of mercy?

The truth of the matter is that in the bitterness provoked by the efforts to defy and to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment its original purpose has been lost sight of. On the one hand, many of its opponents take a perverse delight in its violation; but many of its protagonists too, forgetting their humanitarian purpose, have allowed their zeal for good to pass the proper bounds. There was a sanity in the early temperance movement which seems to have disappeared.

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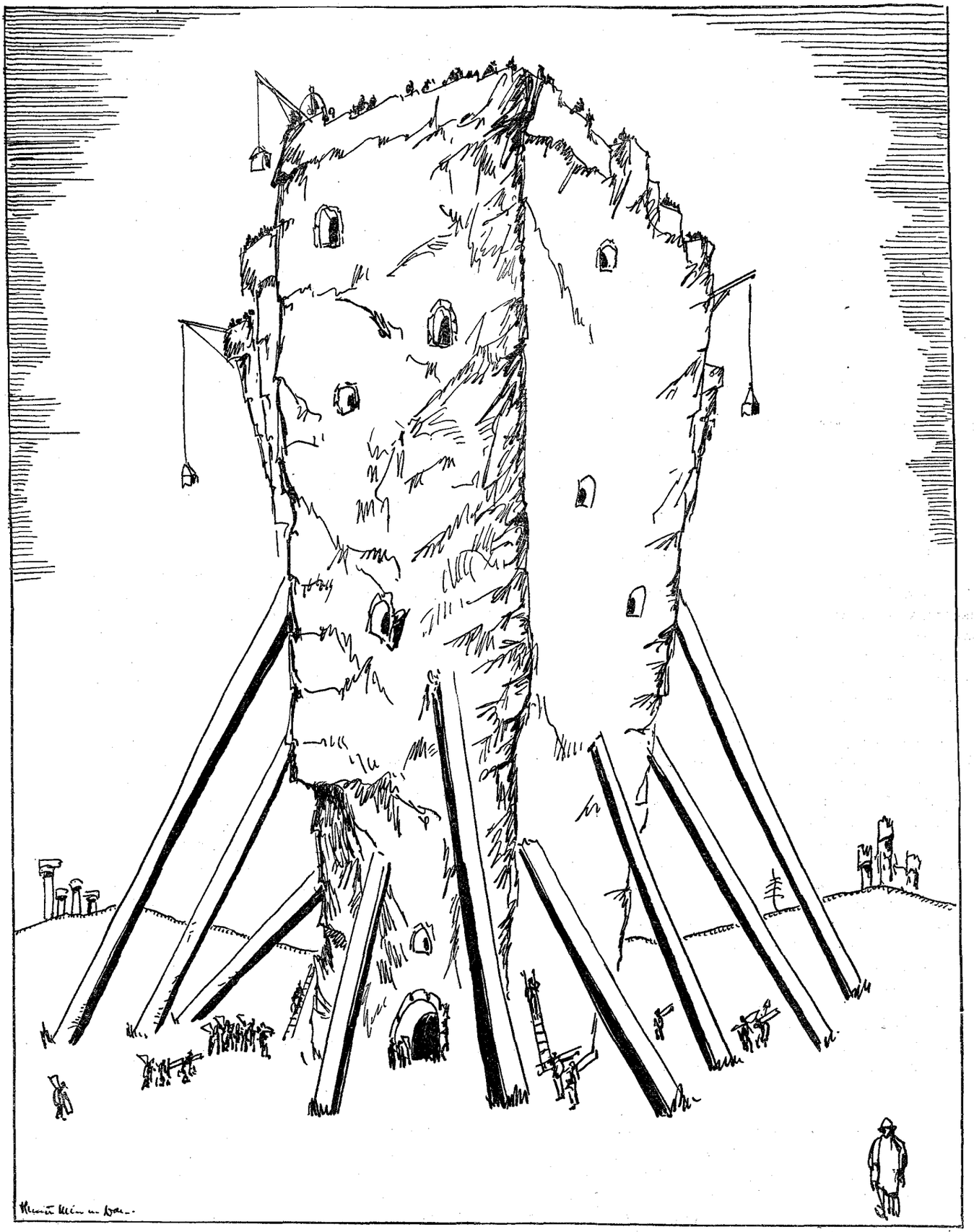

Civilization 1928

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN: *Of course the building is not as good as it used to be, but with a little repairing we can fix it up so that it will last another year.*

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

WHENEVER anybody suggests that a foul prison be replaced by a structure more modern and more sanitary a cry goes up against the coddling of criminals. Men who have studied our laws and jails must expect bitter criticism if they advise reforms. And this criticism takes invariably the same form. To ask for any change in a faulty system is to become a sentimentalist. All of which is topsy-turvy, for it is in the vast and muddled mass of herd opinion that sentimentality distorts decent judgment. The men and women who freed George Remus very probably represented an accurate cross-section of the community in which the case was tried. The jurors desired, as one of them explained, to give the prisoner a Christmas present, and so they brushed aside the evidence to decide that the bootleg king was insane at the time he shot his wife.

And here again is popular psychology revealed as an illogical process. A hundred times each year we read in newspapers bitter editorials against the interference of psychiatrists in criminal cases. The average man will tell you that he takes no stock in these newfangled notions. He pines for the good old days before dementias, when hangings were less complicated. Indeed he is prepared to say that the alienist is both a fake and a deceiver. It is not easy to defend all medical testimony, since much of it divides so sharply, and yet after the Remus verdict there is reason to believe that the popular conception of what constitutes irrationality is often far from perfect.

From now on we shall hear a good deal of the necessity of curtailment or abolition of the jury system. Always the effort tends to achieve the impossible. Some still believe that the law and its practice can be better and wiser than the intellect of the community for which it is framed. But there is soundness in the theory that no code can long prevail except in so far as it represents the will and desire of the people for whom it is framed. And so it seems to me that progress lies not so much in reforming the criminal element of this country as in the education and enlightenment of those we call respectable. It would not be utterly fantastic to signalize each theft or murder by selecting ten solid citizens and sending them to prison to expiate the offense. If only we were wise enough to trace each crime back to its source we should find in almost every case that the conduct of the culprit had an inherent logic and that among the ranks of the godly there dwell many who have been quite unconsciously accomplices before and after the fact.

Suppose Hamilton County, Ohio, house some other irate and violent husband: if he goes abroad today and kills the object of his displeasure will the guilt be wholly his? I say, no. In that event it would seem to me entirely just that every member of the Remus jury should stand trial with him.

William Jennings Bryan was fond of saying that intellect was of little worth and that the quality necessary in a perfect state was goodness. It is a commodity not easily defined, and perhaps there can also be debate about the condition which may properly be spoken of as intellect. At least we can agree that neither the American public, nor any other, is very largely afflicted with it. This conclusion does not lead by any means to the decision that popular government must give way to Wellsian Samurai. Not unless we are all to be elevated to that happy state. Imperfect as the popular mind seems to be in many a crisis it is the best we've got. We must muddle through with it and in the years to come it may get better. A beginning may be made by washing out some slogans which have proved their worthlessness. Personally I want to hear very little more about "common sense." Mere prevalence of an opinion does not make it weighty. Also I wish to point out that the advocates of prison reform are hard-headed folk who try to introduce factuality into the processes which now obtain. There is no sense of any sort in the methods which we use in criminal procedure. Twelve men may be good and true, but it is not likely after they have been subjected to devices carefully designed to simulate the movies and the melodramas. Much of our justice has been reduced to trial by combat. Jurors become drunk upon irrelevant oratory. The art of cross-examination certainly produces confusion and misstatement. The most elementary knowledge of the human mind ought to convince us that there is not inevitably a gulf between glibness and a guilty conscience. A "good witness" may be least worthy of belief among the entire crowd which comes to testify.

If there is any wisdom at all in leaving a decision to the popular mind then we ought to allow the average men and women chosen for the jury to function in as natural a manner as possible. If you and I sit down together to thrash out a problem we seldom orate at each other. Our talk will flow in plain and simple words familiar to us. Over every courtroom door should hang the sign "Kindly omit flowers." It is preposterous that attorneys should be allowed to bellow or to croon at any jury. The code should prescribe a tone of voice for pleaders, and the instant a lawyer raises a handkerchief up to his eyes to stem the tears he should be disbarred from practice altogether. I have not yet appeared in any criminal action but once I was sued for libel. The problem was simple. I said that an actor gave the worst performance I had ever seen on any stage. The only question before the jury was as to the limitations upon the utterance of a critic invited to witness a play and make report to his readers. But before that trial was done I listened to the attorney for the plaintiff go through the greater part of all the best literature in the world. Byron was dragged in, Shakespeare and Plato. And my own lawyer, I must confess, drew a most poignant analogy between my own situation and that of the late Dred Scott. A problem which could have been settled in twenty minutes dragged out two days.

As witness in my own behalf I was asked if it were not true that I had once reported prize-fights and baseball games. I am still puzzled to know just how it touched the

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issue but the judge sat supine while the counselor shook his fist in my face and demanded hotly that I confess I had also been to football games. None of this is set down in malice, for the jury after an hour's deliberation set me free —although it was not Christmas nor even Easter.

Again I do not see what end of justice is well served by permitting the small children of accused persons to come to court and snivel in full sight of the jury. It would not be unreasonable to standardize by statute the costume to be worn by women facing the penalty for first-degree murder. Something of proportion is lost when a wife who has murdered her husband comes to trial arrayed in heavy mourning.

And this reminds me that the sentimentality in the matter of capital punishment is all upon the side of those who favor it. What could be more ridiculous than the assumption that there is a deterrent influence in a penalty which serves to dramatize to the fullest possible extent the person standing trial? Some of the blame belongs, properly, to the newspapers, but the headline writers are gravely tempted just so long as it is possible to write "Alice Fights For Her Life." The very best thing that can be said for Governor Smith's plan of a board to determine the sentence is that this system is utterly undramatic.

Foes of reform shake doleful heads and call the proposition maudlin. We are asked whether or not we approve of women who coldly murder their husbands. I don't. I am much against a wife's killing her husband under any provocation. Ruth Snyder, for instance, seems to me in no way an admirable person. Capital punishment should be abolished not for the sake of those who kill but for the rest of the community. Already the tabloids are full of gruesome details about the expected execution in New York State. One of them reported gleefully that the executioner had been observed pricing new Ford cars. We shall have faked pictures of the scene in the death-chamber and autobiographies and interviews. Your child and mine will bury his nose in all this dreadful stuff.

If it were hateful to us all I should raise less objection. I have said that I am in favor of having the community suffer for the crimes of others. But, God help us, human nature is such that there is an unholy pleasure in contemplating tales of blood and cruelty. A great literary artist could hardly have fashioned any grotesque more likely to capture the imagination than the electric chair. Even though some of us profess horror at the whole business we shall not all refrain from reading when the dread details are printed in the papers. Lindbergh went to a bullfight but through the kindness and devotion of our papers we will sit, each one of us, in a front-row seat and watch the writhing of a body as a human spirit passes.

What a Navy!

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., December 26

IT used to be our proud boast that our navy was small but efficient. Now, it seems, it is neither. After all the pious gestures at Versailles, Locarno, Geneva, and the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament, the close of this year of Calvin Coolidge finds us spending approximately three times as much for the "national defense" as we did before we went to war to end war.

And what are we getting? If the experts are to be believed, the American taxpayers are being bunkoed as never before in history. Notwithstanding a military budget nearly as great as the whole cost of government prior to 1912, our navy has been permitted to lapse into a third-rate affair—an expensive form of disarmament. Through our ineptness in diplomacy, aided and abetted by the penny-wise economy of the Coolidge Administration, plus the naive conception of naval policy of that matchless bedtime story-teller, Curtis D. Wilbur, American sea power has been weakened to such an extent as to send the Budget Bureau rushing frantically to Capitol Hill with a program calling for additional expenditures of $800,000,000 to put it back on a footing with first-class nations.

As if the evidence of this shattered condition were not already sufficient, one more appalling disaster was added during the past week to the long list which has well-nigh demoralized the navy under the Wilbur regime. All the characteristic tragedy of a wreck at sea was present in the sinking of the S-4, with the additional agonizing feature of men entombed alive a hundred feet beneath the surface and dying a tortured death while the richest nation in the world cried out in anguish at the navy's deplorable lack of salvage facilities.

Then followed the explosion on the Langley, our first great airplane-carrier, killing one man, injuring four others, and putting the vessel out of commission. There will be more imposing ceremonials in the way of courts martial by admirals in lace and tinsel, and perhaps a Congressional investigation, but only the most incurable Pollyanna would hope for changed conditions. The O-5 sank in the Panama Canal owing to a collision and three lives were lost.

The S-4 is not the first of our submarines to be wrecked. The F-4 was lost in Hawaiian waters with all on board. The S-5 foundered in shallow water off the Delaware Capes. All hands were saved after thirty-seven hours of thrilling rescue work. The S-51 was sunk off Block Island when hit by a steamer. All but three of her crew perished. Small wonder that those who man the submarines at $1 per dive refer to them as "the fleet of floating coffins"!

One of the seamen whose body now lies in the battered hull of the S-4 at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean wrote just before he left on the ill-fated trip:

> This economical business has just about wrecked the navy. We have a lot of jobs which are necessary, but they

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won't do them as they have no money. After they lose a couple of boats they will fix them up. If they don't want to keep them in good condition they ought to junk the whole navy.

Therein he compressed in the simplest possible language an accurate description of conditions in the navy and sound policy as to the future. An ineffective and inefficient navy should be scrapped. It is nothing short of monstrous for a government to detail men to submarine duty without providing them with a decent chance for their lives.

The lessons of the S-51 disaster in 1925 went for nothing. Although it spent nearly a year in raising the wreck of the S-51 from Long Island Sound, the navy apparently benefited not a particle by that experience. Seemingly, it was still as badly unprepared as ever for such emergencies. It was, in fact, entirely helpless when the flash of the S-4 wreck came over the radio. Not a single new device was ready for the rescue of the men trapped in the dark and freezing torpedo compartment below. All the navy could do was to send up prayers to heaven, and heaven apparently was deaf.

Congressman C. L. Gifford, of the Cape Cod district, voiced his indignation after a trip to the scene of the disaster.

"The navy is going to say there wasn't buoyancy to raise the submarine," he said. "But they didn't even attempt it. Why didn't they try? The accident never would have happened at all if the tender, supposed to have been over the submarine at all times, hadn't been in Provincetown harbor, miles away, at the time." Newspaper reporters add that the tender did not even have steam up.

The Navy Department has spent $400,000,000 in developing its submarine fleet. And yet, as that celebrated jingo Congressman Fred Britten of Illinois impulsively exclaimed at a recent hearing of the House Naval Affairs Committee, "We have not six submarines worth a damn."

"We have spent hundreds of millions on submarines in the last fourteen years," commented Mr. Britten dismally, "and as near as I can tell they have been a complete farce and failure. Speaking as one member of the committee, I am thoroughly disappointed in what the Navy Department has accomplished in the direction of submarines."

Admiral Eberle, former chief of naval operations, now a member of the Navy General Board, is authority for the statement that the navy was so short of proper types of submarines that it was necessary to use the S boats for fleet service, "a function for which they are in no way fitted." After all the hundreds of millions of dollars expended, the latest available figures show the United States lagging far behind Japan and Great Britain in the number of up-to-date submarines in commission. According to last reports to the House Naval Affairs Committee, the United States had 121 submarines in all, only 80 of which, including those of the second line, were actually in commission. The immense investment has been wasted.

To lift the United States up to the 5-5-3 ratio fixed at the Washington Conference 36 more submarines would be required at an estimated expenditure of $110,000,000. Stated in another way, having spent more than $400,000,000 on submarines, we must spend still another $110,000,000 to fit them to cope with those of other Powers.

No serious effort has been made to do more than advertise disarmament. Following the fiasco of the ill-prepared Geneva Conference the Administration now asks $800,000,000 for its naval building program. It wants more fast cruisers; more aircraft; more airplane-carriers; more improved battleships. Mr. Coolidge says we will not be moved by what other nations may do, but it is difficult to understand what he meant by that. Unless the murderous inefficiency revealed by the S-4 disaster rouses the nation to protest Congress will undoubtedly vote all the navy asks amid a mighty roar of patriotic huzzas, and then wonder a couple of years hence why it does not get even fifty cents' worth for its dollar.

National defense already costs us something more than $700,000,000 a year. In 1914 the army spent $173,000,000 and the navy $139,000,000. During the present year the army's expenditures will be $392,000,000 and the navy's $371,000,000. On top of that we are now asked to embark upon a new $800,000,000 naval program. That is disarmament for you!

Where does the money go? It is difficult to locate all the knot-holes. Admiral Magruder recently got himself well disciplined by charging that the navy was top-heavy with high officers and burdened with too many wasteful navy yards. His heresies promptly led to his removal as commandant at the Philadelphia navy yard. Apparently, the guileless sailor didn't know that the United States navy is primarily a mutual-admiration society. He broke the rules.

It was bad enough for Magruder to attack the stars and bangles of the navy, but it was much worse to suggest the abolition of useless navy yards. The Admiral apparently didn't know how firmly buttressed the navy yards are behind the venerable "pork barrel." Just faintly breathe an intimation that one of those yards should be eliminated, and the local chambers of commerce, Lions, Rotarians, Kiwanians, and other evangels of Coolidge economy shriek to high heaven. And the powerful bipartisan log-rolling clique is always on the job on both the House and the Senate naval-affairs committees to see that appropriations for all the yards grow bigger and better every year.

In fixing the final responsibility for the condition of the navy, Secretary Wilbur, of course, cannot be entirely overlooked, despite his diminutive intellect. He is, in fact, a worthy successor to Denby, who still clings to his childlike belief that he, not Fall, dominated the naval oil-reserve leasing transaction. You get the measure of this Wilbur person when you find him helping Fall and Denby and Doheny to perpetuate the absurd myth of a Japanese war scare as justification for the oil corruption.

A Friend's Departure

By IDELLA PURNELL

Before I opened my eyes to see you, you were gone.
I hear the echo of your laugh in the wind.
I know that you were here, because the dawn
Comes like a blast of trumpets. But how thinned
The moon is growing every evening now!
And under the banana-trees, the dove
That sang a happy song becomes somehow
Too pensively alone to think of love.

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The Abdication of King Coal

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

BUSINESS is bad now in the districts where anthracite coal is mined, every kind of business, including that of coal itself. Christmas crowds surged up and down the main streets of the cities of the mining districts these last few weeks quite as usual, but they did their shopping in the five-and-ten-cent store. The lavish spending for things longed-for all year which constitutes a miner's Christmas was conspicuously absent. And the shopkeepers with shelves full of merchandise who have been waiting all year for these few weeks and the creditors who have been holding their breath and withholding their bills are taking inventory to learn if misfortune is become catastrophe.

There have been hard times in the hard-coal country before, conditions so appallingly bad that no man cares to look back on them. There was the dreadful winter of 1925-1926, too recent to be anything less than a nightmare. But this new condition is different, and it may be infinitely more serious. Strikes eventually come to an end. For the business man that situation resolves itself into a matter of patience, of holding out. But this time is different; there is no strike. Men are at work in the mines now, some weeks only two or three days, other weeks five or six, barring "button" strikes, holidays, and mine mishaps. There is sporadic employment, with the overhanging dread of no work at all, and it forces families to forego all thought of spending for anything except bare essentials, to put whatever is earned into the bank against a terrible day of no work at all. Calamity, unspoken, uncomprehended, lies in the offing.

Something has happened to anthracite. It has lost its importance. Its markets are crumbling. King Coal has been forced, like a great many other modern monarchs, to abdicate. It is now just one of many fuels, not *the* fuel. Even its spokesmen, the heads of the great coal companies of Pennsylvania, have begun to admit this fact. The great monarch has had one tantrum too many, and the worm of many disputes between capital and labor in the coal-field—the downtrodden public—has turned. Forced in the last big coal strike to turn to the use of coal substitutes, the public has learned to know and to like those substitutes and to dislike the arrogance of the King of Fuels. Thousands of furnaces that once knew only anthracite are heated today by coke, bituminous coal, oil, gas, and electricity.

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania rests upon the bed-rock of coal—bituminous in the western part of the State, anthracite in the east. The annual coal output of Pennsylvania exceeds in value all the coal mined in all the rest of the United States. Nearly one-half million men are employed in the hard and soft coal mines and when work is steady and wages high, as they were during and immediately following the war, everybody makes money, not only the saloonkeeper and the grocer but the furrier and the piano dealer. It follows then that when work is slack in the mines everybody suffers. Eighty-five per cent of the population in Wilkes-Barre, for instance, consists of mine workers and their families. There are other industries, notably silk, in the anthracite regions, but their contribution to the economic stability is relatively slight.

Thus the mine breaker, dark and spectral, lies like a menace over whole communities. A menace at all times. The piercing shriek of the breaker whistle carries to the harassed wives of the workers the threat of death and mutilation. And when the breaker is quiet it bears the even more grisly threat of starvation.

A few weeks ago Anthracite Sunday was observed in the churches of eastern Pennsylvania, and the pastors and their congregations prayed for a revival of the industry. This was one of the first public acknowledgments of a situation that has been whispered about since the peace pact was signed after the last strike. Since that Sunday of prayer there has been held a very significant meeting of representatives of the miners and operators and the business men of the State at Mt. Carmel. As might have been expected, the Mt. Carmel meeting accomplished nothing except an airing of the difficulty. The anthracite publicity bureaus today are busy churning out reams of booster material. Committees and clubs are being formed to urge a return to the use of hard coal. But so far this is merely whistling in the dark. In one of the Wilkes-Barre newspapers the other day there was a report of the organization of a committee which was to urge Philadelphia society people to use hard coal in order to "help their friends"—the operators—in the anthracite region.

The settlement of the long-drawn-out struggle between the operators and the miners, it would seem, has proved to be a Pyrrhic victory. The public froze, the miners starved—despite the fact that the trusting grocers of Wyoming Valley lost a million dollars in credits extended—profits vanished, and the peace that came when everyone was exhausted satisfied no one. The union remained distrustful, the operators unsure, the public suspicious. Yet even when work was resumed, and in spite of the fact that the bituminous strike followed the anthracite peace, it was found that the thing was not working out. The bottom had dropped out of the anthracite market. Even in the coal-fields they are using oil burners. They made a political issue of an oil burner in the last Luzerne County elections. The fact that a candidate for public office had one in his house was considered adequate to bar him from election in a community of miners.

The old autocrat Coal is being these days brought to his senses. He is discovered to be less than indispensable. To maintain any degree of prestige he must compete vigorously with other fuels. What has happened in the anthracite industry today is not catastrophe but change of status. There is every indication that the industry will eventually stabilize itself, when the anthracite operators have learned that they have a commodity and not a necessity and that being a commodity it must be merchandised like automobiles or washing machines. The public is no longer merely to be sold coal. It must be sold on coal.

Here and there one can find optimists in the gloomy coal-fields. They profess to see prosperity ahead when the readjustment comes. What direction this readjustment will take is a matter of much conjecture. That it will take the

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form of government control seems the remotest possibility. That there will be a reduction of consumer price seems the most likely solution. If reduction of wages follows there is bound to be trouble again. This was indicated in unmistakable terms by John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, in his speech at the Mt. Carmel meeting. Certainly there will be changes within the organization of the coal companies. The mine owners have much at stake. They have at stake investments in their railroad properties as well as their mine properties, and their eagerness to reconstruct the prestige and power of the industry is second only to that of the chambers of commerce.

If anthracite is mined and merchandised as a commodity there is every reason to believe that the change will redound to the benefit of the worker. The old arrogance and paternalism will have to go. The intelligent employer (and necessity may even in time force a number of mine operators to become intelligent) is fully aware of the importance of cooperation with his employees. He knows that it pays to keep them satisfied. He realizes that high wages are a spur; that employees' welfare schemes—even such little things as dance halls and gardens—help to make reasonably contented workers. He is forced to offer the best possible working conditions to assure himself of some degree of loyalty. With immigration checked, he will realize that he has to deal with a working class of constantly increasing literacy, with men who will know what they want and know how to get it. There is little that the operator can do beyond what he is already doing to remove the ever-present menace of mine-damp explosion or cave-in, but there is much that he can do to mitigate the hardships of living, to make the trade worth the hazard. And that the mine owner will have to do when he begins to learn the first principle of modern big business. Another drastic departure from the old policy will be in internal management. The sales-manager is going to take precedence over the engineer, for merchandising anthracite has become a vastly more difficult problem today than mining it. But whatever happens in the trade, the worker has, as usual, nothing to lose but his chains.

Manufacturers as Educators

By MRS. FRANCIS D. POLLAK

What can the schools do to attract a better type of children to factory work?

THIS astonishing question is asked in a pamphlet recently published by the Junior Education and Employment Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, entitled "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions Regarding Employment and Education of Children." It is one of several pamphlets published in the last few months by the manufacturers dealing with the public schools, with children in the public schools, and with children in factories. These pamphlets give evidence of much research into educational theory and into statistical problems such as the number of children in the schools and their distribution, the number of children in industry, and the trend of child labor. They include a statement of the manufacturers' conclusions as to the value of the public school and the program which the association will attempt to embody in legislation for the "further protection of employed children."

The chairman of the committee is Howell Cheney of Cheney Brothers, Connecticut silk manufacturers. It is an aggressive committee backed by the national organization and ultimately by the vast capital of the manufacturers throughout the country. It is spending time and money in collecting facts, compiling statistics, and, to quote it, "charting the field of public education." For it is a committee with an avowedly double purpose—a junior education committee and a junior employment committee. Its concern is with the schools and with the factories: with the schools because they are the gathering places of the millions of children of the nation—potential workers; with the factories, because they are the destination toward which the manufacturers hope to see the children move.

One of the pamphlets published by the manufacturers is called "Facts About Child Labor as Shown by Actual Government Statistics." It contains a series of finely executed charts, based on census reports, by the chief statistician of Cheney Brothers and an article entitled What the Charts Reveal by Howell Cheney himself. Two of the charts deal with The Trend of Child Labor and demonstrate, as we would unhappily expect, the general increase in numbers of working children from 1880 to 1910. But between 1910 and 1920 we find the number of child laborers, as shown by the figures and the charts, cut in half. In North Carolina, for example, child labor is shown to have dropped from 45.9 to 16.6 in ten years. Unfortunately Howell Cheney's chief statistician must have omitted to turn the page of the census volume from which he got his facts, for preceding the figures for 1920 (Vol. 4, p. 475), the census itself warns the reader regarding the interpretation of its own figures:

> To the extent that this decrease relates to children, it is believed to have resulted primarily from the change of the census date, from a difference in the basis of enumeration, and from increased legal restrictions against child labor. . . . The change of the census date from a very busy farming season in 1910 (April 15) to a very dull farming season in 1920 (January 1) undoubtedly resulted in a smaller number of children being returned by the census enumerators in 1920. . . . To a considerable extent the great decrease from 1910 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations, especially in the number engaged in agricultural pursuits, is believed to be *apparent* only. . . . The decrease between 1910 and 1920 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations *doubtless* resulted to some extent from increased legal restrictions against child labor, better compulsory school-attendance laws, and more efficient enforcement of these two classes of laws. For example, the marked decrease from 1910 to 1920 in the number of children employed as mine and quarry operatives probably was in large measure the result of *increased legal restrictions against such employment*. It is probable also that the greater *popular dis-*

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approval of child labor decreased the tendency to employ children. [Italics mine.]

Of these same census figures the Children's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor says:

> In the first place most of this decrease is apparent rather than real. Most of it (84.5 per cent) is due to the reported decrease of the number of children engaged in farm work—which is directly explicable by the change of the census date since 1910 from April 15, a busy season for farming, to January 1, the dullest possible season. In the second place January, 1920, marked a period of general industrial depression. . . . And in the third place, in January, 1920, the Federal Child Labor Tax Law was still in effect.

This then is what the charts chiefly reveal: the practical way in which the National Association of Manufacturers deals with statistics. There is "greater popular disapproval of child labor." Therefore lessen the odium attached to employers of child labor by appearing to reduce the number of children employed; use census figures, but carefully avoid looking at the census page that urges caution in their use; compile elaborate charts on these same census statistics, then draw the conclusions you wish; publish the conclusions and circulate them widely. The manufacturers do not count money in this cause, and the public is too busy and careless to study colored charts and go back of government statistics.

If this is the way the National Association of Manufacturers uses figures in the face of official warning, what shall we think of their conclusion that the schools are wasteful and ineffective and the factories desirable training places for children? In a speech in Chattanooga before the convention of the National Association, Howell Cheney severely criticized the public schools for their defects and challenged the school authorities in these words, as reported in the New York *Times* of October 28:

> Why can't you come into the factories, work with us on the construction of curricula, define the conditions of a progressive training which entitles employers to *use the labor of children,* and carry this mass forward with a creative ideal of accomplishment in place of the ideals of idleness which you are instilling today? [Italics mine.]

To use the labor of children—there is the explanation of all this elaborate propaganda. The National Association of Manufacturers employs a staff of statisticians to make and chart researches in the public schools with the object of demonstrating the superiority of the factories. They assert (I quote from "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions"):

> 1. Industrial employment does not cause physical or mental slowing-up.
> 2. Increased schooling does not increase earning capacity for the large majority.
> 3. Employment in industry does not cause either moral delinquency or mental or physical degeneration.

An entire pamphlet is given over to an elaborate analysis of school mortality, school attendance, length of school term, cost of education per capita, State wealth and expenditure for education, and a number of other questions of vital interest to school authorities and to the public. But again the statistician, in composing his charts and tables, uses without correction the misleading census figures of 1920, and so what might be interesting conclusions are vitiated. In the text accompanying the charts Howell Cheney accuses educators of being "far more concerned with seeking new fields of public education than in making good past losses." Above all, he opposes "the rapid and enormous extension of the field of public education" and makes frequent references to "the enormous burden of taxation." By clear implication he suggests that the States are paying too much to educate their children and that the factories could educate them cheaper and better. In the Chattanooga speech, mentioned above, he put it in these words: "Here [referring to the factories] is an educational power that is at your command and without the investment of a single cent." This is dangerous doctrine in a democracy which must take its own quality from the quality of its growing citizens; and it is a sinister argument from manufacturers who have factories to fill with cheap child labor. No wonder the workers for child welfare feel that a danger long threatening the community has taken a more ominous form. No more daring assault on public education has ever been attempted.

On the basis of these studies the National Association of Manufacturers has drawn up its "National Education and Employment Program" which it is pressing for adoption through its State associations. Many of the regulations embodied in the program would prove helpful in States lacking minimum provisions for the protection of children. In the progressive States these same regulations would often mean a serious backward step. For example one of the provisions would limit working hours not to exceed 48 per week, with a prohibition of night work before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m. Of the entire program the Children's Bureau at Washington has in part this to say:

> In many States the putting into effect of this program would mean a lowering of standards rather than further protection. Seven States have a higher minimum age than fourteen; the sixth-grade educational requirement advocated is below that now in effect in sixteen States; the eight-hour day now in force in thirty-seven States is not included, and the night-work standard permitting work until 9 p. m. is lower than that in thirty-five States.

If the manufacturers called their program a measure "for the further protection of employed children in backward States" there would be less reason for criticism or apprehension. But this is a national program. Presumably it includes the important industrial States, most of which already have better laws than those proposed. New York, for example, has a definite eight-hour day and a 44-hour week. But New York is apparently not to be omitted in the manufacturers' campaign. On December 12 a short notice in the New York *Times* contained the information that "John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, has requested the New York State Manufacturers' Association to consider the program of its Committee on Junior Education and Employment with a view to its application locally." Similar "requests" were, according to the National Manufacturers' Association, sent to the State associations in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Virginia, in each of which the legislature meets this year. That the association guarded itself by suggesting that the program "be considered in the light of existing educational and economic conditions of the particular States" does not eliminate the danger to standards which have been laboriously achieved, usually in the face of bitter opposition on the part of the organized manufacturers.

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An article in the *Survey* for October 15, by Wiley H. Swift of the National Child Labor Committee, discusses this program of the Manufacturers' Association in terms of general approval. Nevertheless, he says:

> Many will question what its effect will be in those States which already have or wish to enact standards higher than those of the Manufacturers' Association. Does the association regard its program as embodying the *maximum* standards for child protection beyond which opposition will be forthcoming or the *minimum* which the welfare of children demands? The former would constitute the greatest challenge to child-labor efforts since the days of child exploitation in coal mines and cotton mills.

By pressing the association's program in New York, Mr. Edgerton has put the issue squarely: Are the manufacturers attempting to improve the lot of working children in the States which lack such minimum measures of protection, or are they planning to drag down existing standards in the States which have adopted progressive laws? Who are being "further protected"—the children or the manufacturers?

The New Indian Constitution

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

IF any party has been conspicuously sympathetic to the growth of nationalism in India and to the satisfaction of that spirit it is the Labor Party, and there is therefore a grim disappointment in the present division of opinion between the party and the spokesmen of Indian nationalism. I have been reading some American accounts of the matter, and as in none of them thus far do I detect an understanding of the real points of difference I hope that an explanation of them may be welcome and useful.

Most of these accounts proceed upon familiar anti-British lines. Great Britain is crooked and self-seeking in all its ways, and its proposals regarding the Indian inquiry which has now been set up assert once more the offensive superiority complex of Englishmen; the Indians are therefore quite right in refusing to cooperate in the present plans of the British Government. So run the argument and the tale. Whoever has been inside the deliberations and the negotiations of the Labor Party knows that, so far as it is concerned, this is nothing but a travesty of the facts. I can go further than that. When the Prime Minister made his first announcement of the intention of the Government to set up this commission and so begin the inquiry into the Indian constitution, he did so in words that conveyed the maximum of suspicion and the minimum of confidence. But his proposal of itself was good, and that is why the Labor Party has striven to disentangle the Baldwin statement from the government proposal and get the latter impartially presented to the Indian people.

When Labor was in office, in 1924, some thought was given as to how to appoint the committee of inquiry into the Indian constitution which had to be set up under the act carrying out the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. The old-fashioned mid-Victorian method of a royal commission was seen to be the least satisfactory if one had any regard for Indian liberty and self-respect. No Indian body would have selected the Indian representatives and, though certain views are so well organized in India that they would have to be represented, the manipulation of the commission would have been easy at the worst and it would have been the creation of a bureaucracy at the best. It is most surprising that today Indian leaders, some of whom have been advocating a boycott of everything British, and others who have been emphasizing the authority of the Indian legislature as a representative body of Indian opinions, should complain because the Indian part of the inquiry is not to be conducted by Indians selected and appointed by a British bureaucracy reigning in Whitehall, but by a committee appointed by the non-official and elected members of the Indian legislature.

The natural position would have been that if a royal commission had been selected by us here, Indians would have regarded it as such an insult to the Indian legislature that they would have refused to serve on the commission and would have boycotted a body which owed nothing in its creation to India itself. That would have been intelligible, and the strange irrationality and inconsistency of vociferous Indian opinion causes no little wonder here. It is a most important fact that no Indian champion here of any importance or with any parliamentary or administrative experience or capacity is supporting the Indian demand for a royal commission. Everyone in this class of administrators instinctively thinks of the Indian Parliament as the representative of Indian opinion, especially, as is proposed, when no official or non-elected member shall take part in the business. When one brushes aside the many obvious misstatements and misunderstandings that are embodied in the various manifestos and declarations that have come from India regarding the mind and intention of Parliament, and tries to get at the principle upon which objection is based, one has to admit that it is really the emanation of a political mind that has been untouched by new ideas for a generation. A royal commission is the antiquated form of India Office control criticizing itself through a body of men whose majority report is secured and who can ease the minds of dissenting minorities by allowing them to put in as many valueless minority reports as their hearts desire. When the commission is taking evidence the minorities will use their examining privileges for propaganda and, afterward, employ their reporting powers for popularity. The whole method belongs to the days of talk and pointless discussions. The history of royal commissions is just such a history, and because some of us want action we had turned from the discredited method of royal commission—even before the Government made its announcement.

On a superficial view it seems as though that precious quality or equality is better secured by a royal commission than by the method that has been adopted. The Indian member of a commission sits on terms of equality with his colleagues and discusses points with them, and had that means been adopted Indians would undoubtedly have sat upon it. The parliamentary device adopted does appear to be faulty in this respect, but that is solely owing to one of

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the habitual blunders of which the Prime Minister is guilty. There are to be two committees, one appointed by us here and the other by the Indian legislature, and the question of equality arises only as regards the relations between the two committees. For the moment there cannot be constitutional equality because, whatever the new India constitutional act is to be, it is this Parliament of ours that must pass it. Everything has been done, however, to render that constitutional inequality (which would be even more emphatic had we to deal with the reports of a royal commission) innocuous. Critics of the scheme forget at this point what it is. This commission which we are now discussing is not to produce the constitutional act, it is only to report to Parliament the results of its inquiries. That will take two years, and then the report will be referred by the new Parliament to a joint committee of the Lords and Commons who, possessed of the report and all that is said in India about it, and with the representatives of the Indian legislature acting with them, will proceed to produce the instrument that is to give India its new constitution. This second stage, by far the most important, has had curiously little attention paid to it. In fact the complete scheme has been lost sight of in a rush of not very substantial condemnation.

The only question that need concern those who are approaching the problem of how to redraft the Indian constitution is the one that has been giving the Labor Party much concern—what is to be the relation between the committees representing the British and Indian parliaments? Unfortunately, upon this the Indians have given us no guidance. A political policy of boycott is like swear language. It shows poverty of resource whatever else it may express. The Labor Party, however, has been trying to get a declaration from the Government (or from the chairman of the commission which will have to settle the details of the matter) that in two essential respects equality will be the spirit. The first is that in inquiry and consideration of evidence from stage to stage the two bodies will have full consultations and exchanges of views; the second that, in the examination of representative witnesses, the two bodies may sit together. The Indian committee would present a report to its legislature as ours presents its report to us, and the former, properly discussed in India, would then be brought for the joint discussions in the second stage here.

When the full scheme is considered the injustice of much of the criticism directed against it will be seen. It is a pity that so many Indians condemned it before it was, in point of time, possible for them to have become familiar with its scope and machinery. We know here how statements of old truths are prejudiced by new forms, but it is a disappointing experience to find that so many Indian leaders let go their grip of the bone in order to snap at the shadow. The idea underlying the Labor Party's handling of this Indian constitutional problem is that it is a matter of very little concern for the bureaucracy but of much concern for the parliaments, and the reason why we have come to our decisions is that we are sympathetic to Indian nationalism and believe in representative democracy. In any event, no accusation against the good faith of the country can be justly based upon new machinery set up to pursue this inquiry.

Americans We Like

President Neilson of Smith College

By JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

The Ninth in a Series of Personality Portraits

THERE are liberals and liberals. There is the sectarian liberal, as John Stuart Mill might call him, who heedlessly follows his own crowd and accepts every novelty which comes stamped Made in Liberia. There is the restless liberal or radical, who rolls from side to side like Dante's sick woman, seeking comfort and finding none. These are not the true liberals, for their choices are not free. And there are the liberals like Mill's countryman President Neilson, who are sold neither to things as they are nor to change for its own sake, but in this fast-changing world are alert toward salutary adaptations in their part of it, and who combine sympathy with a zeal for justice.

A Scot, with the traditions of the most distinguished of the Scottish universities, no one was ever more eager than he to throw himself into the interests of his adopted country and its college education. Though he came with the philosophical and critical leanings of his intellectual countrymen, when he went into advanced study of English at Harvard he chose the exact philological side of it in which the most distinguished instruction was found then, and proved that philology does not kill but only disciplines criticism. In calling him to Bryn Mawr, President M. Carey Thomas showed her usual uncanny ability in picking out "coming men" and getting their help in making bricks without straw, the task of every college without enough endowment. As professor at Columbia and for longer at Harvard, his great achievement was training teachers of English for the colleges of the country, in which his success was almost equal to Professor Kittredge's; a head of an English department who comes to Harvard shopping for professors is still likely to take one of Mr. Neilson's making. Humane and critical like his teaching, combined with the spirit of historical accuracy which Harvard fosters, was his original scholarly work, culminating in his new text of Shakespeare. To produce a successful revision like the Shakespeare strains every critical nerve and scholarly sinew. In planning his own literary work and in initiating series for cooperative scholarship, he has shown unusual skill in selecting both the technical requirements and the men who could meet them.

Mr. Neilson became president of the largest and almost the oldest of the women's colleges in that most difficult year 1917, and threw himself and Smith College into national service; students were trained as assistants for war-hospital laboratories, for the mental rehabilitation of

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soldiers, for the Food Administration, and even in automobile repairing. In the next autumn, to protect them from the influenza infection and to relieve the shortage of labor, students even helped the farmers of the Connecticut valley to get in crops. A far cry from the old idea of the sweet girl graduate! As with some other ably planned war-time schemes, out of this grew a permanent institution, a summer training-school at Smith for college graduates as social workers, in general community service, and in medical and especially psychiatric social work, in which dozens are now annually graduated with a master's degree.

Likewise in his administration Smith began to admit students only by examination and to limit its numbers to two thousand students only, which means picking the intellectually best. The day is past when level-headed college administrators plume themselves on the size of their institutions. Our colleges have not the resources to receive everyone who has a fancy for one or another of the pleasures or advantages of college life; so far as higher education goes, it is all very well to talk about educating our democracy, but with this goes the danger of democratizing our education. Higher education on a dead and low level is a contradiction in terms.

Smith College was founded at a time of incredible skepticism about higher education for women; dangerous and wicked it was called, "abnormal and perilous." And for years in some women's colleges the emphasis was laid on what was called "culture" and "Christian womanhood," rather than on intellectual achievement; this sounded very fine, but often ended merely in the genteel. Artificial piety degenerated into studied charm, and culture served purposes of conversation. The training in art and music which was a feature of this older ideal President Neilson has retained and promoted, on the sure and certain ground that the great defect of our education today, higher and lower, is that it is too purely bookish and mental, and neglects the eye and hand. But he has made very sure that this art and music are on a vigorous and scholarly basis. The same broad combination of scholarship and "humanism" shows in one of his most original devices; certain picked students of French are sent to Paris for their junior year, to attend lectures in one of the higher institutions and to see French civilization with their own eyes, returning to Smith for their final year. Again, even in his inaugural address he came out boldly for a liberal and progressive attitude toward the ancient classics. He frankly recognized that a mastery of the Greek and Latin languages is gone forever except with a select few, yet he recognized more ardently the permanent value of those literatures, more and more needed for a high and strenuous ideal as the world grows away from a purely Hebraic ideal. He branded the "linguistic fanaticism" of professors of classics, who have insisted "that no one shall enter these fair domains save through the one door of language," who indeed in the past have hung themselves and their interests with their own rope. The classics can be saved to modern culture by giving a broad knowledge of their chief writers through translations in the time that would give only a smattering of the languages. If we have always learned the Bible in that way, why not Plato and Cicero? The vivid intellectual curiosity which is the motive-power of youth and the chief reason for higher education must not be balked by putting up any needless bars. Nor by hurrying along a beaten track past inviting openings. Mr. Neilson was one of the first and most successful in introducing the most important college innovation of the last generation, the honors course. Students in the upper classes who are exceptional in ability and ambition are released from routine requirements, and under such guidance as they need from members of the faculty are turned loose to grasp for themselves the essentials of their chosen subject, to follow their own curiosity.

The tendency of Smith College, so far as its president can determine things, is to lay stress on the solid, the genuine, the calm. The feverishness of the war and post-war years has abated, but young women are still prone to be restless and superficial. Smith has limited to very few in each year the week-ends in which a student may be absent from the college. The motor-car is a serious problem in most colleges. It produces much aimless and often dangerous rushing about. Mr. Neilson has met the problem by prohibiting the private motor-car except for good students at the end of the senior year. The greatest duty of our colleges is to promote that side of rounded perfection which the extremes of the day neglect. A man of hair-trigger wit and vivid personality can afford to preach the power of quiet and even of that ideal so strange to us moderns, the contemplative life.

The only way to produce a perfect college president, said one who ought to know, is to improve the breed of archangels. With all his intellectual and humane ideality, he must be a shrewd man of affairs. Institutions of learning are necessarily economic parasites, dependent on the great power of the day; they produce no wealth, but as for consuming it, the daughters of the horse-leech are abstemious in comparison. In the Middle Ages universities depended on the church, in earlier modern times on politics. Today no one will deny that the great power is business, and on the wealth produced by business our institutions of learning depend for the vast expense of education and research. Happily large-minded men of affairs as a rule recognize that they must leave these institutions free to tell the truth as they see it, and are ready to contribute to this desirable end. Mr. Neilson has many warm friendships among such men, as among all kinds of people. His success in what the old theologians would have called the carnal side of college administration was proved just after the war, when the surprising sum of four million dollars was raised for the college.

When all is said and done, his greatest strength is with the personnel of his institution. It is none too easy for a college head whose long-standing associations have been very different to attain a spirit of comradeship with a lot of American young women; but a lecturer from another institution well remembered an evening at this president's house with scores of students sitting about on the floor while the president read Burns to them. He stands loyally by his professors even when an occasional lapse of worldly wisdom on their part may produce a flurry; he merely protects the college by stating the simple facts if called for, which is the best method of sending sensation-mongers about their business. He realizes the faculty makes the college what it is, and that the chief problem of a college executive is the personnel problem; but he realizes also that his older colleagues will do their best work if he respects their judgment and does not wish younger coworkers on them against their will.

No man ever liked people more warmly, not so much

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by conviction as by nature. When he arrived in New England, an inexperienced young stranger from Canada and Scotland, he found at first the emotionless faces, the unseeing eyes, the cool brief replies with which we New Englanders often welcome the stranger. "Some of the new students from the West," he used to say, "complain of the coldness of the Harvard climate. I don't put up with it, I just go up and talk to people; I don't find them standoffish." He is interested in politics, and still more in international relations. He takes part in causes and movements throughout the country which look toward peace and justice and help for the underdog. But humanity for him is not a sum-total or an abstraction, rather this and that human being whom he knows.

Smith College is happily situated in a smallish place where the college people can set the standard; and its president by his sincerity, insight, and humanity is making a college which every student may leave with as much in her mental bucket as it will take. Distractions are removed up to the point where liberty would be infringed, and stimulus is offered to sail out through the Pillars of Hercules with Bacon's motto: *Plus Ultra*—More Beyond.

In the Driftway

IN WRITING last week of the Fishermen's Cup races between the New England and Nova Scotia fleets, the Drifter suggested that an ocean contest over a longer distance would be better fun and less provocative of wrangling than the competition as it has been over a short, buoyed course inshore. The Drifter had been reading an account in the *Sportsman* of England of the recent Fastnet race, and could not help wishing for something like that as a test of the Down East fishing fleet and its able sailors. The Fastnet race has barely weathered its third season, having been initiated in 1925, but it has already established itself as a tip-top trial of seagoing craft and crews. Last summer's contest was a slang-whanger; only two out of fifteen starters finished.

* * * * *

ONE of the two was La Goleta, an American entry. Indeed this sturdy schooner of thirty tons was the first to sail over the finish line, and would have won but for having to give five hours' time allowance to Tally Ho, a splendidly staunch cutter slightly smaller in size. La Goleta was built in England just before the race for Ralph St. L. Peverley, an American business man, who sailed her with a crew made up mostly of his countrymen. La Goleta entered the race without any tuning-up or seasoning. In the wild weather encountered, her decks leaked and she was an uncomfortable vixen below, but she won the affections of her crew because of her seaworthiness and sailing abilities. Besides La Goleta there was one other American contestant, Nicanor, a thirty-six-ton schooner which was sailed across the Atlantic for the race by a Harvard University crew. She had to give up the Fastnet competition when a gaff snapped in the Irish Sea.

* * * * *

THE course for the race was from the Isle of Wight through the English channel and across the Irish Sea to the Fastnet light, on a pile of rocks off the southerly shores of Ireland; thence back to the harbor of Plymouth. There was little wind when the yachts got away on August 13, last, and in the first three days they covered only about 200 of the 615 miles of the race. Then, when most of the craft were off Eddystone Light, a breeze began to pipe and the glass began to fall. Before night a gale had come roistering out of the west, which compelled La Goleta to heave to under a reefed foresail. Seven of the fifteen yachts were so buffeted that they ran for nearby English ports and gave up the race. Most of the others except La Goleta sought temporary shelter. Even La Goleta was started toward Falmouth; then a council was called. As Alfred F. Loomis, son of Charles Battell Loomis, tells the story in the *Sportsman:*

> On deck there was discussion and then agreement. In America, perhaps, we could run for port because the sea was high—but what would the English say? What, in fact, did Boyd say? He said it would look bad to put in. What did McOnie say? In his Scottish burr he agreed with Boyd. What did all of us say? That in an ocean race we mustn't avail ourselves of shelter merely because shelter happened to be available.

* * * * *

SO La Goleta hove to and rode out the gale off the Lizard. Next day she got under way again but rains and tempests pounded her all the way across the Irish Sea to Fastnet. Nor was the return trip to Plymouth much better. For a few short hours the sun shone and there was a glorious breeze.

> The topsail was set, and the balloon fisherman, and the reaching jib, and then La Goleta began to travel. Who, we asked one another, had said that ocean racing was a virulent form of idiocy? It was, in point of fact, the most glorious of sports. Log turning nine and then ten knots, and for one hour when it underwent a spasm of joyous delirium, eleven and a quarter knots!

* * * * *

BUT this was not to last. It came on to blow again, gale strength, and that night sail had to come in. Skipper Peverley, taking the wheel, undertook to hold La Goleta dead before the wind while the crew doused the reaching jib. Mr. Loomis writes:

> When at last the word came to furl the jib, I confess that for me, at least, the race had reached its zero hour. Boyd and I made protesting Rawle tie a line under his arms, and as he lurched out along the bowsprit and I wrapped my legs around its middle, I thought of the two major possibilities. If Peverley, steering a gambler's course, let her yaw half a point too much to leeward, he would jibe and take the sticks out of La Goleta. If she got away from him in the other direction when there was no headsail on her, she would come on the wind like a bat out of hell, plunge into green water, and perhaps sweep Rawle, Boyd, and me into the night.
>
> But there was little time for such gloomy reflections. "Down jib!" I called. Boyd let go the halyard and passed the word. Mac, awash in the lee scuppers, loosed the sheet, and the sail went flying, dissipating its strength in resonant shaking. Down it flopped and in it came—Boyd least secure of all of us as he staggered about on deck receiving the sail as Rawle unhanked it—and in less than three minutes we were back on board again. The jumbo went up, two men to the halyards, and the zero hour was past.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Only a Human

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heading your correspondence column in a recent issue was a sentimental letter titled Only Dogs. The physiologists at Western Reserve University (who published the record of Dog No. 1137, quoted in part by your Vermont correspondent) have been experimenting for many, many years in an endeavor to find a cure, a remedy, or any aid in the identification and treatment of the as yet incurable Addison's disease, which results from a deficient functioning of the adrenal glands. My father, it happens, has an advanced case of Addison's disease. From recent developments in the Western Reserve physiological laboratories it may be inferred that a solution is close at hand. My father is still living. Dog No. 1137 furnished details which are giving us hope that all will be well. Dr. Julius M. Rogoff has developed in the Western Reserve laboratory a fluid which, hypodermically injected into adrenalectonized dogs, prolongs life considerably. If this fluid can be purified enough to inject into humans without harming them (as it would do now, since it is not protein-free) my father is due for a long life, but this is a hope which can only be strengthened by such little martyrs as Dog No. 1137. True, she was only a dog—but my father is only a human.

Chicago, December 1 MICHAEL IRVING

Rabindranath Tagore Says:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came to know from the advertising columns of your paper that Miss Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" has been lauded by Arnold Bennett as "a shocking book, in the honorable sense." Unfortunately, for obvious reasons, there is a widely prevalent wish among the race that rules India to believe any detraction that may bring discredit upon India, and consequently the kind of shocks that Miss Mayo has manufactured offers them a delicious luxury of indignation. The numerous lies mixed with facts that have been dextrously manipulated by her for the production of these shocks are daily being exposed in our journals; but these will never reach the circle of readers which it is easy for Miss Mayo to delude. Along with other Eastern victims of lying propaganda we in India also must defenselessly suffer mud-besmearing from unscrupulous literature; for your writers have their machinery of publicity which is cruelly efficient for raining slanders from a region usually unapproachable by us, shattering our fair name in an appallingly wholesale manner.

I happen to be one of those whom the writer has specially honored with her attention and selected as a target for her midnight raid. Difficult though it is for me completely to defend myself from such a widespread range of mischief, I must try through your organ to reach the ears of at least some of my friends who are on the other side of the Atlantic and have, I hope, the chivalry to suspend their judgment about the veracity of these shocking statements, made by a casual tourist against a whole people, before lightly believing them to be honorable.

For my own defense, I shall use the following extract from a paper written by Mr. Natarajan, one of the most fearless critics of our social evils. He has incidentally dealt with the incriminating allegation against me deliberately concocted by Miss Mayo out of a few sentences from my contribution to Keyserling's "Book of Marriage"—cleverly burgling away their true meaning and shaping them into an utterly false testimony for her own nefarious purpose. Mr. Natarajan writes as follows:

> Tagore sets forth his own ideal of marriage in five long pages at the end of his paper (Keyserling, pp. 117 et seq.). "Let me," he says, "as an individual Indian, offer in conclusion my own personal contribution to the discussion of the marriage question generally." He holds that the marriage system all over the world—and not only in India—from the earliest ages till now, is a barrier in the way of the true union of man and woman, which is possible only when "society shall be able to offer a large field for the creative work of women's special faculty, without detracting the creative work in the home."
>
> If Miss Katherine Mayo was not a purblind propagandist but an honest inquirer, and if she had not the patience to read Tagore's essay, she might have asked any one in Calcutta what the age of marriage of girls is in Tagore's own family. That she was determined to discredit the poet is evident.

Let me ask some of your readers to read my paper on Hindu marriage in Keyserling's book and challenge, in fairness to me, Miss Mayo to prove that it was my own opinion, as she asserts, that child marriage is "a flower of the sublimated spirit, a conquest over sexuality and materialism won by exalted intellect for the eugenic uplift of the race," implying "the conviction, simply, that Indian women must be securely bound and delivered before their womanhood is upon them, if they are to be kept in hand."

Let me in conclusion draw the attention of your readers to another amazing piece of false statement in which she introduces me, with a sneer, as a defender of the "Aruvedic" system of medicine against Western medical science. Let her prove this libel if she can.

There are other numerous witnesses who, like myself, if they find their access to the Western readers, will be able to place their complaints before them, informing them how their views have been misinterpreted, their words mutilated, and facts tortured into a deformity which is worse than untruth.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Santiniketan, India, November 9, 1927

For Prisoners in Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his cable from Moscow to the *Times* of November 12, 1927, describing the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime, Mr. Walter Duranty informed his readers that on the subject of political freedom the Communist Government remains adamant. The spokesman for the Government, Mr. Bukharin, told the representatives of the foreign labor delegations, "that to accord liberty of speech or the press to adversaries of the Soviet regime was simply playing into the hands of enemies without a compensating advantage. Regarding imprisonment Bukharin was equally categorical."

The Socialist prisoners, ten years after the revolution which was to usher in liberty for all the people of Russia, are struggling against great odds. If liberty means anything to you you will help us feed these brave warriors. Every dollar will buy a week's food for a torch-bearer of liberty. Every dollar from America will be a token of friendship and so break the isolation of the prison. Make checks payable to the Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia and mail to Mrs. Fredericka Baranoff, 9 West 110th Street, New York City.

New York, December 6 MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

Gifford Pinchot
on
The Boulder Dam Controversy
in an early issue of *The Nation*

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Books, Music, Art

Announcement of Night

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

East the stones burn with sunset,
the wind thuds like a distant locomotive,
and the darkness joins together
like the folding of a robe.

Homeward the sun goes from his pasture;
no longer the bees loiter at the inn-flowers;
light passes from the cliffs which by day
were like the bared teeth of contented laughter.

Running night preys from the East.
Heavier is the sound of the wind and it moves
like one dragging rivers up and down.

The lover holds toward the twilight the face of his beloved
like a lapidary with a shaped jewel.

Beyond Life

Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE accidents of time and circumstance have played strange tricks with the soul of Eugene O'Neill. That he should have shipped himself to sea and fancied he might find in some unfamiliar latitude a land where life would answer to the needs of his spirit was perhaps inevitable as a stage in his development, since youth, mistaking inquietude of mind for restlessness of body, must always find out for itself the truth of the proverb "Coelum, non animum mutant," etc.; and by the time he had come to write "Beyond the Horizon" he had evidently come himself to realize that the longing for far countries is but a symptom of a different longing which no country is far enough to satisfy. But that we should ever have thought him, or that he should ever have thought himself, a realist is an error of a more unnatural and monstrous sort for which only the prevailing atmosphere of our time can account. Growing up with a generation which expressed the disgust it felt for the tame compromise of its elders by a naturalistic revolt, he accepted its general direction and seemed to fancy he might express his reaction to life in naturalistic terms when, as a matter of fact, the tendency of his mind was toward a mysticism no less foreign to the realism of his contemporaries than to the romanticism of his father's generation.

Since he has actually enriched our dramatic literature with several realistic plays which are quite the best things of their kind America has produced, it would hardly be accurate to call his efforts in this direction unfortunate; but they did represent, so far as his own development was concerned, no more than progress up a blind alley, and it has become more and more clear that he approaches nearer and nearer to his own spiritual center as he puts the methods of his contemporaries further and further behind him. The various odd dramaturgic devices which he has employed—the expressionism of "The Hairy Ape," the masks of "The Great God Brown," and the voluminous "asides" of the as yet unpublished "Strange Interlude"—are symptoms of his impatience with the limitations of the realistic method, and in "Lazarus Laughed" he has, for the first time, entirely abandoned it in order to create for himself a form dictated wholly from within instead of one which represents merely an effort at adaptation.

This form, that of a "mythological" drama in four acts, has an obvious relation to the form of Greek tragedy—the chorus and the masks are prominent features—but it is no less obviously not a mere imitation of the method of Æschylus and Sophocles since, far from slavishly following such a method, it departs from tradition wherever tradition would cramp expression and since it is also quite clearly adapted to modern methods of spectacular production. The result is that Mr. O'Neill seems to move here more easily and more freely than in any of his other full-length plays because he seems to find fitter occasion to say what he has to say. That gauche violence which shocks one again and again in his finest scenes is gone and it is gone, one realizes, because it was the violence of a man baffled by the fundamental ineptitude of the medium through which he was trying to express himself.

According to the fable of the play Lazarus returns from death with the fear of death gone from him and can laugh as no man ever laughed before because no man before ever knew as he knows that death is an illusion. All men know that life goes on when the individual dies, that if men are ephemeral yet Man endures, but Lazarus alone, through his experience with extinction, has learned how to accept and digest that fact. What is mere words to others has become real to him, and whenever he is present people catch his gladness though only this presence can transform a formula into a faith; and when Tiberius burns him in an amphitheater the meaning fades from his words the moment that he, the only man who can witness their truth, ceases to be.

Now this central idea is one which appears again and again in modern religions, and it is one which Mr. O'Neill has struggled to express in more than one previous play. It is the heart of Cybel's speech: "Always spring comes again bringing life again. Spring again! Life again! Summer and fall and death and peace again" in "The Great God Brown," and it furnishes the theme for the rather jejunely romantic play "The Fountain." But like all mystical formulae it seems now to mean everything and now to mean nothing because the importance which it can be made to assume depends not upon the intellectual clarity with which it is perceived but upon the emotional significance which it can be made to have. Mr. O'Neill has symbolized this fact in the present play by making the formula meaningless except in the presence of Lazarus himself, and it is effective here as it was not in the other two plays because the author has succeeded in conveying an emotional ardor whereas, in the previous instances, he merely stated a thesis. Here the whole play is built around what was before only a gloss written upon the margin of a tale, and here the idea takes on a vitality which it never had before. The play may be for us what its hero is to its other characters, it may be, that is to say, only the effective cause of an illusion; so that when the book is closed or the drama finished the words of its formula become mere words again—but that formula is so effectively bodied forth that it seems true as long as the play endures, and it is meaningful within the framework of the action however little we as individuals may be able to carry it beyond these limits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Portrait of a Militarist

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. His Life and Diaries. By Major General Sir C. E. Callwell. With Preface by Marshal Foch. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

IF we were to take Sir Henry Wilson's "Diaries" at their face value we would believe that he had a very sorry time during the World War. Nearly every entry contains complaints and curses. The Cabinet would not follow his advice; the French

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were doing this foolish thing, the Italians that; and as for the Irish and the Bolsheviks—the note is, of course, familiar to any reader of recent military memoirs.

It does not, however, evoke any sympathetic response, for it is quite clear that the World War was a picnic for Sir Henry. It was the crowning-point of his whole career; *der Tag*, for which he had prepared as earnestly as any German. In 1914 he was fearful lest the Liberal Government should render his work fruitless by remaining neutral. He rallied his friends of the Opposition to bring all pressure to bear. His object attained, and the word given, the Expeditionary Force moved across the Channel in accordance with plans carefully laid years before.

From then on he held a series of high positions, mostly on the General Staff. In the last few months of the war he obtained the adoption of his plan for a Supreme War Council, and became the British Military Member of this body. His diaries describe busy days spent in elaborating strategical plans; in innumerable conferences; in constant journeyings between London, Paris, and British Headquarters. That is the way the big Brass-Hats play the war game. Of the actual fighting there is little mention. Sir Henry was as remote from the soldier in the trenches as the Wall Street banker is from the steel puddler whose destiny he controls.

The end of the war and the beginning of the peace negotiations are marked in Wilson's diaries by signs of increasing irritation. There had been bad enough interference by the politicians during the war and now that it was over they wanted to run the show entirely. Their dithering over the peace terms was appalling. Their vacillations over Russia made him furious. Instead of demobilizing the army in order to appease popular clamor he would use it to wipe out the Bolsheviks.

Naturally he fell foul of his American namesake, whom he described as "only a super-Gladstone—and a dangerous visionary at that." The Fiume dispute in April, 1919, provoked this entry: "The Italians have to guard the American Embassy in Rome. All this is due to the miserable frocks [i.e., frockcoats, politicians] who tried to build on a rotten base of small nationalities and of the League of Nations. President Wilson was guilty of a flagrant act in rushing into print and appealing to the Italian people over the head of the Italian Government."

And then there was Ireland. Sir Henry as a loyal servant of the empire had no use for home rule and still less for republican movements. Besides he was an Ulster man with bright orange family traditions. The last year or two before the war his chief anxiety, apart from preparing to deal with Germany, was the threatened Home Rule Act. His contempt for politicians was extreme, but he dabbled in politics himself perhaps more than a soldier should. From his post in the War Office he was, early in 1914, aiding and abetting the Ulster Volunteers. He was in constant touch with the leaders of the Opposition, giving them counsel on the best way to defeat the intentions of the electorate.

Wilson's antagonism to Irish disloyalty grew rather than diminished with the war. In 1920 and 1921 entry after entry in the diary expresses his fury with Lloyd George for not crushing Sinn Fein with a strong hand. The Coalition government was hopelessly weak, he thought, pandering to every subversive movement. Some of us at that time thought Lloyd George reactionary enough, but to the die-hard Wilson he was the Kerensky whose weakness was hastening the ruin of the empire. In July, 1920, he warned Winston Churchill "that if the Government did not govern we should lose everything; that apparently Downing Street's answer to outrage was to build a fortification round the place, whereas they ought to arrest the Council of Action (i.e., the Trade Union Emergency Committee), kick out Krassin and his vile brood, declare martial law in Ireland, and stamp the vermin out."

The treaty which made Ireland a Free State naturally seemed to him shameful beyond words. He sums it up: "The agreement is a complete surrender. . . . The British Empire is doomed." A chance to represent an Ulster constituency in Parliament led to his resignation from the army. At Westminster he joined the die-hard faction in its fight against the Irish treaty. He was also active in organizing in Ulster defenses from the invasion of the Free Staters that he confidently expected. His hatred of Sinn Fein was repaid with interest; in June, 1922, he was assassinated by two ex-members of the I. R. A., a crime more harmful to the cause it was intended to aid than injurious to the one it was intended to weaken.

KEITH HUTCHISON

A Sheltered Son of the Press

Splendor. By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MR. WILLIAMS courageously discards in this book the fictional conventions applying to daily journalism. His unheroic hero scores no sensational beat as a cub, does no amateur detective work, and uncovers no news which must be suppressed because the central figure is an important advertiser. A plodding New Englander, tilling a corner of what has been called our newspaper poor farm, Henry Beeker's life is the life of a million such plodders, inside and outside the press.

The story, although laid in Boston, is intended to portray the changes which took place in all the urban United States during the period when the frontiers were being pushed farther back and after they were obliterated. It is concerned specially with these changes as they affect transportation and the press, but it moves too placidly to give an adequate notion of the acceleration which came to both of them. Henry Beeker begins as an office boy for the Boston *Tribune*, serves for a while in the "Morgue," or reference department, and becomes successively reporter, bicycle editor, copy reader, State House reporter, Sunday make-up man, and copy editor of business-office promotion matter. Then he completes the cycle, an aging man, back in the "Morgue." Certainly not a successful man, neither is he a conspicuous failure. His children are successfully married, at any rate; and if he has suffered frustrations, made compromises, he has at least lived a far fuller life than his blacksmith father.

Mr. Williams, whose story begins in the seventies and moves up to the present, had an opportunity to picture those changes which came to the press, but did not avail himself of it. Neither has he let us see the effect upon life of a tempted, exposed, and ruthless newspaper career. Henry Beeker is protected consciously, by request, from participation in the exploitation of private suffering; we find him maneuvering time and again to suppress news when his friends and family are concerned. And we emerge from a somewhat syrupy narrative of his domestic and journalistic fortunes only with a consciousness that he has been severely disappointed in the business he chose. When his grown son wishes to enter this work, Beeker advises him sagely:

> A newspaper isn't interested in the fine, normal ways of life. It's only interested in the freaks, the deformities, the abnormalities; and newspaper men are a cynical lot, anyway. . . . I don't suppose there is a profession so well calculated to captivate the imagination of a young man. . . . But as a matter of fact it just permits him to be a looker on, a spectator at the plagues which sweep the world. . . . I've seen a lot of good men in the newspaper business, Dan. . . . But they've all had to compromise, sooner or later. . . . If they've kept their ambitions, they've been as like as not to end in a sanitarium.

One of the characters in this book does indeed end in a madhouse, a fate which lies in wait as frequently for newspaper men, I suppose, as for stockbrokers and clergymen. Nowhere in the 570 pages of "Splendor" could one see it ahead of

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Henry Beeker. He had none of the adventurousness, the passion, and the skepticism which make successful reporters, and he had not the reporter's special limitations. He would have followed a humdrum circle wherever Mr. Williams had set him down, meeting his domestic responsibilities manfully, dealing honestly with his fellows, and accomplishing nothing in particular. One does not feel that journalism has cheated him. It has done as well by him as might have been expected of any other business. Thus we miss any adequate realization of what the daily newspaper is doing to thousands of its practitioners, and what they in turn are doing to those around them. The ironic implications in the title of the novel are not fulfilled.

SILAS BENT

An Outline of Christianity

Christianity Past and Present. By Charles Guignebert. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

THE name of Charles Guignebert, professor of the history of Christianity at the Sorbonne, is already well and favorably known to specialists. Next to his older and more picturesque contemporary, Alfred Loisy, probably he occupies the most conspicuous place among Frenchmen today as a critical student of Christianity. This English rendering of one of his most popular books will serve excellently to widen the circle of his friends.

"Christianity Past and Present" is not just one more outline of the history of the Christian church, yet it may be read with full understanding by one who has no previous acquaintance with the subject. There is enough statistical information to insure a sense of reality, but the carrying power of the book lies in the dominant display of the author's own independent judgments. It is primarily a study in interpretation, not an epitome of statistics. Yet we are led along the usual highway followed by previous writers on the history of the church. The familiar scenes are everywhere in evidence. The work of Jesus and of Paul, the rise of an organized Christian society with its emphasis on dogma and discipline, the conflict with the Roman government, the growing power of the papacy, scholasticism, the "Babylonish Captivity," humanism, the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic reformation (often called the Counter Reformation), the Enlightenment, Liberalism, and, finally, the "Triumph of Romanism" are representative subjects treated. These are the old signboards. But the eye of our new guide often catches fresh vistas of landscape, and when the journey is finished one finds that the observations gathered along the way have been woven together into a unified interpretation of the total experience. One cannot follow this line of inquiry, under the direction of a leader who so well knows how to discriminate between the incidental and the essential in historical records, without gaining new insights into the process of Christianity's history and a new conception of its real meaning.

The outlook for the future is, however, distinctly pessimistic. Living in France and concerned primarily with the intellectual element in the history of culture, it was perhaps natural that Professor Guignebert should have halted his story and formulated his retrospect under the shadow of the modernists' defeat within the Roman church. In the rigid subordination of mental freedom to the dogma of papal authority is seen the doom of Romanism; an "unavoidable fatality" weighs down its destiny. Its hearth still glows with smoldering embers, but the fire is expiring and the chill of death has fallen upon it. While Protestantism has escaped the two fatal ills of Romanism—a deadly formal ritual and "clerical psychasthenia"—its future is scarcely more promising. It too is thought to offer little if any prospect of coming to terms with modern ways of thinking. Thus "all religions end, religions which, like living organisms, are born of a need, nourished upon death, die day by day of life, and finally lapse again into the eternal crucible." With these words Professor Guignebert lays down his pen.

If only one could be sure that mankind in future would elect thus consistently to follow the intellectual trail! But this seems not to be the verdict of history. The human quest is far too complex to permit this simplification of the religious issue even for many an individualist, to say nothing of the rank and file of men. The historian of Christianity, or of any other religion, knows only too well the relatively insignificant role played by strictly intellectual interests in the great pageant of religions. Are not the appeal of the mysterious, the momentum of social heritages, the aesthetic values of adornment and ritual, the desire for emotional stimuli to offset human frailties, the idealizing impulse, and like interests altogether too powerfully intrenched in human life to permit the visualization of an early day when even Roman Catholicism with all its antimodernism is likely to lose its popularity? To speak paradoxically, Guignebert's pessimism seems far more optimistic than his study of the past would warrant. Unquestionably he is a reliable historian; as a prophet he is less convincing.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Middle-Aged Philosophy

The Companionate Marriage. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE author of "Companionate Marriage" is convinced through long court experience and wide human contacts that marital happiness is contingent on easier divorce, free dissemination of birth-control knowledge by qualified experts, and greater tolerance and freedom within the marriage relation. He differentiates between family marriage, in which children are to be part of the union, and companionate marriage where children are not to be expected. During the companionate relation the parties entering into the marriage are to be free agents, economically and socially, free to dissolve the union when the relation is no longer satisfactory. To emphasize the reasonableness of the companionate marriage Judge Lindsey claims it already exists, but without sanction of law. He wishes to make such a relationship possible and available for all, poor and rich alike. He wants to abolish "bootleg divorce," and all the hypocrisy and fraud necessary to secure divorce in our country.

Unfortunately Judge Lindsey overstates his case. One can but feel that only literal subjects of the Roman hierarchy need so naive and repetitious a defense of birth control and of what is generally regarded as the modern interpretation of marriage. A suspicion enters and refuses to be downed that the emphasis in this case is on terms rather than on content. Judge Lindsey himself suggests that the book treats of the revolt of the middle-aged. To me there is a disillusioned middle-age flavor to the work that takes it far out of the revolutionary category in which the author places it.

We need no prophets of disillusion in marriage. Deep within people of all ages is a desire for enduring happy relationships, for the peace and harmony that properly mated and adjusted people occasionally find and always grope toward. Birth control and easy divorce are of course not to be questioned, but they are a scant contribution on which to build a new philosophy of marriage. A tolerance that tends to concentrate so largely on the possibility of marital happiness coincidental with extra-marital relationships is middle-aged. It is a makeshift for the next best, it is the acquiescent and conciliatory mood, not the pioneering.

A philosopher of marriage will do more than coin new terms for current practice. He will dig deeper and aim to offer that which may spell the hope of enduring love in a chaotic age.

REBECCA HOURWICH

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The Diary of Puritan Boston

Samuel Sewall's Diary. Edited by Mark Van Doren. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

VERY likely a taste for old diaries, like a taste for Gorgonzola cheese, must be acquired; yet it is a taste worth acquiring for it purveys some delightful flavors. To one who likes to poke about, there is a sense of adventure in following the homely entries not unlike that which comes from ransacking an old garret. It is a dusty business but fascinating. Glimpses of out-of-way places, odds and ends of reality saved from oblivion, casual revelations of hearts curiously like our own, daily life stripped bare in its pettiness and its tragedy, a sense of cheating mortality and living in a world long since dead—these are some of the rewards to be got from the bald entries if one reads them lovingly. And if not lovingly, then one would scarcely care to read them at all.

Of all American diaries Sewall's is far the most fascinating in its minute and homely jottings that picture Puritan New England in the days of transition from the old theocracy to a royal colony. It is a faithful account of nearly sixty years of a busy life at the center of New England activities, and its entries reveal not only Samuel Sewall—judge and magistrate and money-lender—as a friend and counselor to all Boston; but more important, they preserve the curious pattern of life, with its jostlings of weddings and funerals, its squabblings and jealousies and heart-burnings, its godliness and grasping thrift, as that pattern was woven in the twilight of primitive Puritanism. Its pages, to be sure, offer no such feast of gossip and scandal, no such comment on great events and picturesque figures, as is spread in the pages of Pepys's diary. Boston was not London, and the pirate hangings on Nob Hill—though the "screech" of the women spectators was heard a mile—are less exciting than the Great Plague or the Great Fire or the coronation of Charles II. Yet the chatty Pepys who recorded these larger happenings was fashioned of the same stuff that went to the making of Samuel Sewall. Both were capable, middle-class Puritans who desired to serve God while filling their purses, and the clash between conscience and self-interest which runs through their pages was the inevitable clash between two hundred pounds of Adam's flesh and the duties taught by an ascetic religion. No doubt their theology was grotesque and their emotional and intellectual life narrow; certainly the Boston of Sewall's day was more notable for pious professions than for a generous social conscience. Middle-class Englishmen were still middle-class Englishmen for all their psalm-singing and meeting-going. Yet they were sound at the core and later Boston magistrates might learn something from Samuel Sewall, whose honest soul could not rest under a wrong done, but must confess publicly his unhappy fault in the witch matter. Here is a passage in somewhat the same vein that suggests the homespun yarn of which his cloth is woven:

> Note, this morn Madam Elisa Bellingham came to our house and upbraided me with setting my hand to pass Mr. Wharton's acco to the Court, where he obtain'd a Judgmt for Eustace's farm. I was wheadled and hector'd into that business, and have all along been uneasy in the remembrance of it: and now there is one come who will not spare to lay load. The Lord take away my filthy garments, and give me change of Rayment. This day I remove poor little Sarah into my Bed-chamber, where about Break of Day Decr. 23. she gives up the Ghost in Nurse Cowell's Arms. Born, Nov. 21. 1694.

The three volumes of the diary, tucked away in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, have been lost to the general reader. There was need of an edition to make it more generally available, and this careful reprint of perhaps a quarter of the whole, retaining the dramatic and illuminating passages, is more than welcome. Mr. Van Doren has done his work with loving care. He has given us an authentic text that carries one back pleasantly into days that a later generation has too carelessly forgotten. The great diary is still worth any one's time to read.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

India Defended

The Hindu View of Life. By S. Radhakrishnan. The Macmillan Company. $2.

PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN appeared in England and America last fall as a defender of his native land. He did not tell us in as many words, but his utterances on the platform and in this book make clear that he felt he had an opportunity to justify India to the world; and he took that opportunity with eloquence. We must confess a sympathy with him. For 130 years Occidentals have been telling India how immeasurably superior our culture is to hers, especially our religion, and it is only right that a Vivekananda or a Radhakrishnan should now and then have a voice on the other side. Would that we had more of them and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers, whose vapid maunderings are even now heard from the mouths of a Mrs. Annie Besant or a Krishnamurti.

The defense Professor Radhakrishnan makes is in many points effective. With a forceful repetition that becomes almost brutal he points out that Hinduism has always been tolerant of all shades of opinion. Let me quote a few sentences.

> It [Hinduism] brought together into one whole all believers in God. . . . Hinduism is wholly free from the strange obsession of the Semitic faiths that the acceptance of a particular religious metaphysic is necessary for salvation, and non-acceptance thereof is a heinous sin meriting eternal punishment in hell. . . . It did not regard it as its mission to convert humanity to any one opinion. . . . Those who love their sects more than truth end by loving themselves more than their sects. . . . Hinduism does not support the sophism that is often alleged that to coerce a man to have the right view is as legitimate as to save one by violence from committing suicide in a fit of delirium. The intolerance of narrow monotheism is written in letters of blood across the history of man from the time when first the tribes of Israel burst into the land of Canaan. . . . The spirit of old Israel is inherited by Christianity and Islam, and it is for you to say whether it would not have been better for the Western civilization if Greece had molded it on this question rather than Palestine.

There is a reverse side of this picture which Professor Radhakrishnan does not make us see. While Hinduism is thoroughly tolerant in regard to the metaphysic of religion, it is the most intolerant faith in the world concerning the social life accompanying religion. Herein Christianity and Islam have an advantage; for they have not developed as a cardinal feature an implacable caste system. The fact is that all three religions are intolerant; they merely happen to be intolerant on different matters.

The rest of the book is given to an apology for the metaphysically indefensible doctrine of Karma (Retribution for the Act in Rebirth) and the biologically and socially indefensible order of caste. His efforts to rationalize these must in the end be adjudged failures, as is the case with all religious rationalization, whether Hindu or Christian. What he finally succeeds in giving is not so much the Hindu view of life as his own confession of faith, and a noble faith it is. The book is evangelistic as well as philosophical; yet it contains so much of the philosopher that anyone ought to be repaid who will read its 130 small pages.

W. NORMAN BROWN

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Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

Autobiographies. By William Butler Yeats. Macmillan.
The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Harcourt, Brace.
The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.
Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. Doran.
The Journal of William Maclay. A. and C. Boni.
Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.
Fire Under the Andes. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Knopf.
The American Caravan. Macaulay.
Cities of the Plain. By Marcel Proust. A. and C. Boni.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.
The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
The Black Douglas. By Donald Douglas. Doran.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.
The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green. McBride.
The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
The Women of Point Sur. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni & Liveright.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. Doran.
The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.
The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.
Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace.
The Human Body. By Logan Clendening. Knopf.

Books in Brief

Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds. By Leila Stott. Edited by Caroline Pratt. Greenberg, Publisher. $2.

The school hours of a group of twelve-year-olds through the year, described by their teacher at the City and Country School in New York City. The children are shown busy in the shop and the classroom, engaged with toy-making or with the composing of original stories and poems or a dozen other tasks. Through the narrative the idea that school is drudgery is entirely absent from the minds both of teacher and of pupils. The latter are ready and willing to suggest activities for themselves, nor are they at any pains to choose a task because it seems simple—rather the contrary. These children are busy, happy, and engaged in endeavors that in some way express themselves. The preponderance of boys in this particular group—eight to four girls—seems to result in an overemphasis of activities which boys do better, so that, as in a much less conventional school, the girls are frequently reduced to the role of handmaidens. But this is perhaps inevitable. And if activities which are more strictly utilitarian than otherwise are stressed, perhaps that, too, is inevitable in a revolt from the routine of the old classroom, and perhaps, too, it is a fault that may be remedied with time and experience.

Montaigne. By Irene Cooper Willis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A pleasantly readable account of the more obvious ideas of the master essayist. Miss Willis manages to make clear Montaigne's opinions on education, moderation, women, the classics, etc., by a careful and clever use of quotations from his works. There is a very sparing employment of biographical data. The author's moral bias and her affection for Montaigne's moral ideas prevent her from devoting more than a page or two to the magnificent and conscious art of the essays. A useful introduction to an artist who has as yet been accorded no proper critical treatment.

The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas. By Charles Edward Russell. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Thomas, one reads, created the audiences for orchestral music, the orchestras to perform it, and standards of performance. He began by introducing America to Schubert's C major and Unfinished Symphonies, to Mozart's in G minor and E flat, to Haydn's Oxford and Surprise; he ended by introducing it to every modern work of consequence, exhibiting a range of sympathy and interest equaled only by Monteux in our own time. Mr. Russell pays what is, therefore, a deserved tribute to the competence, energy, and personal and artistic integrity of a great pioneer and educator.

Footprints and Echoes. By William H. Crane. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

Mr. Crane's autobiography is neither less nor more distinguished than the reminiscences of most actors. He writes easily and gives a huge amount of theatrical information without taxing the patience or intelligence of his readers too heavily.

Music

Some London Impressions

THERE is always a decided advantage in hearing a conductor on his native heath, because there he is at home with both his audience and his orchestra, and under no special temptation to "impress" either. Hearing Sir Thomas Beecham in this way was therefore a great piece of luck, for the friendly, easy atmosphere of Albert Hall will undoubtedly be lacking when he stands on trial as a guest conductor of the Philadelphia and Philharmonic Orchestras. The result of this trial will doubtless surprise many, as we have heard more about Sir Thomas's eccentricities than about his qualities as a conductor. And yet in seeking to compare these qualities one inevitably turns to Toscanini and Muck. Like the former he has a fabulous memory, never using a score even to accompany. Like both he is equally the master in opera and in symphony. And like both, too, he obtains his musical and orchestral effects through phrase and line and tone color rather than through piling up opaque blocks of sound. The heavy architectural solidity affected by some of our modern conductors to express "depth"—especially in the German classics—are as absent from his Wagner as from his Handel. Yet this plasticity of line and transparency of tone must be as orthodox in the one as in the other, for they were the outstanding features of Muck's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth this past summer, and Muck is the acknowledged guardian of Wagnerian tradition. It is to this classic school then that Beecham essentially belongs. Elegance and refinement and sweep of line rather than crashings and thunderings mark even his most passionate utterance. As for his so-called "eccentricities," they seem very mild indeed after the vigorous "daily dozens" now so much in vogue. Certainly it is refreshing to see a conductor smile occasionally at his concert-master instead of continually shaking his fist in the man's face.

London has also had the advantage over New York of

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having had for several seasons now the guitar-playing of Andrés Segovia. As Segovia is soon to make his first American tour one must, in duty bound, tell his new public not to miss him. To tell more than this is a little difficult, because all the superlatives in the dictionary—which he justly deserves—could never give an adequate idea of what he actually achieves. As a man he looks—in spite of being a Spaniard—no little like Franz Schubert. As an artist he is as perfect, as satisfying and as unique as that other artistic unity, The English Singers. His musicianship is equally great and, one suspects, comes first with Segovia. The first half of his London program, for instance, was devoted to Bach; and Bach, under his magical fingers, sounds like the most beautiful playing of a fine harpsichord. On the other hand a little Schubert "Moment Musical" was like a voice to stringed accompaniment. But it is when he comes down to present-day classics, especially in his native music, that he shows the full gamut of his mastery, for then he gets not only actual vocal effects of line and portamento and tonal nuance but even orchestral color. All this he accomplishes with the utmost ease and simplicity. The guitar seems to present for him neither difficulties nor limitations. Not, however, until one hears Andrés Segovia can one comprehend what all this means.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Art

Since Clive Bell

IN his new book, "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting," [1] Mr. Clive Bell maintains that he has not changed his theory of art. In fact his doctrine of the complete separation of Art from Life, of the artist from the social man, appears in the following typically pat paragraph taken from his hilarious discussion of the rise of the camera and the consequent Victorian debacle among the honest academic painters.

"I suggested," he says, "that the gap between art and life has for a century been growing wider and wider because those intermediate activities, half artistic and half useful, those impure arts which lean heavily on life, have been steadily devoured by the machine. The pure, self-conscious, self-critical artist . . . concerned solely with expressing himself through form, perceives intellectually or feels instinctively that the machine's activities and his have, and can have, nothing in common. . . . Machinery has just as little, or as much, to do with pure art as it has to do with love or religion; artists, lovers, and mystics may or may not find motor cars and telephones useful; there the matter ends." Indeed it does—for Mr. Bell.

Now the most fundamental blind spot in Mr. Bell's notoriously agile mind can be discerned through the characteristic grace of this tabloid. A variety of attacks upon his doctrine, upon the isolated aesthetic emotion, upon his trump term "significant form," led notably by Mr. Ivor Richards in England and Mr. Thomas Craven in New York, have all made clear the enormous injustice which Mr. Bell is doing to art in pressing his theory. But no one that I recall has indicated the correlative and preposterous injustice he does to life. And it is his inadequate notion of life which, more than anything else, has led Mr. Bell to alienate and esotericize art.

The astonishing thing is that Mr. Bell denies the ideal artist who expresses himself, who may achieve "pure significant form," a connection with Life (capital L) and hence with the life (small l) which he lives. How Mr. Bell can deny a generic, a causal, or even a representative connection between the personality expressed by the artist and the life he leads is only, and then easily enough, understood if one considers life as humdrum. And it is clear enough that Mr. Bell does really consider modern industrial and social life to consist in humdrummery. The ideal artist is removed from the forces of our age because art has nothing to do with our crass concerns, creeds, and creations; and these are crass because they are not art, which is "significant form." This circular logic recalls Mr. Whistler's Ten O'clock Lecture, delivered in London in 1885; and, to be sure, it was easier then to separate industry and art, by looking at a few facts, than it is now. Anyone can see today that the *pure* artist is quite irrelevant to industrial society, but that this awful society is irrelevant to him, to his personality, or to his art one cannot so easily comprehend.

Young artists with whom I have happened to live, some more and some less "pure," and all "self-conscious," have suffered the effects of the machine city in a variety of ways; but to none of them has it been irrelevant. One reacted to it with a desperate depressive dypsomania and so hung up his art. Another furiously defied it, turned inward, and exploited through form (scarcely "pure") his egocentric misanthropy. Still another was lured from pure art into commercial craft. He has renounced Wagner, D. H. Lawrence, and Vincent Van Gogh, the gods of the previous misanthrope, and is successfully adapting Cézanne to posters. And finally, a fourth— and the most successful—took the daughters of industrial captains to teach in his own studio and by thus capitalizing his friendship for a famous French sculptor paid his rent. That he goes beyond these tricks to expression through form does not divide his personality. The discrepancy, so far as his soul is concerned, between the daughters of industry who pay his rent and the pure art which doesn't is merely financial.

All these young artists have found love in a subway, drunk and eaten out of a tin can, and whistled to the tune in a Victor box. These things, captioned by Mr. Bell under the double header of "motor-cars and telephones," may once have been merely useful; they are now inevitable; they have sunk into our primary essence. The self which the real artist has to express is shaped by these humdrum activities, through interference or connivance with them. It is just this real relation of personality to actuality that the great artist achieves and expresses through form, and it is this which romantics who have failed with expression try to supply when they add titles to frustrated attempts, such as "Love on a Scenic Railway" or "A Paltry Nude Starts on a Spring Voyage."

Furthermore, when Mr. Bell says that the "impure arts which lean heavily on life have been swallowed by the machine," he betrays his confused impression of what goes on, for he implies that the machine has developed a brain. But the machine has only replaced the *whittling* of the hoe-handle which the former artificer also *designed*. The new, gargantuan, Industrial Art is constantly demanding real craftsmen who can conceive the designs for the new buildings, furniture, textiles, draperies, perambulators, pots, and posters. Moreover, the vitality, charm, humor, the "significance" of much design for the machine product is more than noteworthy when compared with the trite, repetitious, and weakly executed design of the modern hand product. Although our mob does rise to the expression of stale personality—The Magazine Cover, The Chesterfield Girl Friend, The Camel Babbitt—this is not great proof that vivid personality, in so far as it can be expressed through the compromise which applied art demands, is not being expressed in our mechanistic art. And for this I call the skyscraper, the costly motor car, the fabric with the motive of the derby hat to witness.

Since Clive Bell bowed gaily to the demise of handicraft, a new art of machine design has excited the anticipation of those who have kept seeing the "significance" in life. And these, artists some of whose names actually appear in "Since Cézanne," and critics whose minds are not so remote as Mr. Bell's, get the kick into and out of modern art because they express and perceive this significance.

HENRY LADD

[1] Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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International Relations Section

Feminism in Germany

By MARGARET GOLDSMITH

THE feminist movements in Germany and the United States have little in common at their present stage of development. The two feminist organizations in America may have entirely different platforms, they may believe in quite different tactics, and one may be more "radical" than the other, but it is none the less true that both these groups have the same primary interest: women, women's jobs, legislation affecting women as such.

Before the war this attitude held also in Germany among the various *Frauenvereine* and other women's organizations. In those days German women were united by their common fight for suffrage, for the position of women in public affairs. They looked forward to the day when, as members of the Reichstag, women would show a united front, when there would be a group of women in Parliament who would stand firmly together against their male colleagues in the championship of their rights as women.

Now eight years after the drafting of the Weimar Constitution, which says that "men and women have the same rights and responsibilities as citizens" in the republic, it seems evident that it was the common fight which held these women together and not their ideal of feminism itself. "I never see my friends in the suffrage movement any more," an older woman official at the Labor Ministry complained to me. "I suppose what really united us before was the fight itself. And I miss this fight very much," she added. "It was the process of getting suffrage which I really enjoyed, and for some of us the goal was reached too suddenly after the war."

Class-consciousness and class-struggles, inevitable in any new republic, have been more vital to German women since the revolution than their consciousness of sex. The allegiance of the women in the Reichstag to their parties far outweighs their feeling of solidarity with other feminists. One member, a woman who was one of the most ardent and active feminists in Germany before the war, remarked to me recently that "after all politics are neither male nor female. I cast my vote in a way which I hope will serve society as a whole, and I try to be of help to women as much as I can, but they are not my prime consideration."

The party and class-feeling among women in the Reichstag has been so strong that some of the women members hardly know each other personally at all. As a matter of form, and because of their solidarity in the past, most of them nod at each other as they pass in the Reichstag lobby, but many of them have their pet antipathies among the other members of their sex. One prominent member said recently that of course she knew all of the other women—except Frau X, whom she has never even spoken to because "the politics of her party are really too disgusting."

All this is sometimes difficult for us to understand, for we still have certain ideals of sex solidarity. Once an American woman naively gave a luncheon for a number of "prominent" German women, most of them members of the Reichstag. The American hostess thought her guests would all be friendly, if not intimate. As it happened this luncheon took place at a time when the Nationalists and Socialists in the Reichstag were very much at loggerheads. Two of her guests, one a Socialist and one a Nationalist member, disagreed so heartily on every political issue, including questions concerning women, that they had ignored one another for weeks. Two of the others, not in the Reichstag, harbored such an old-time difference about illegitimacy and sex freedom for women that they had not spoken to each other for nearly twenty years. This is a serious article, so I cannot describe that luncheon, but I shall never forget it!

There is, of course, no club or association including all the women members of the Reichstag, and during the nine years since they have been in Parliament there have been relatively few bills which they have sponsored in unison. It is true that they have all voted in favor of certain laws concerning child welfare, such as the bill passed last year prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages to children under sixteen years of age. In contrast to the women of the United States, it is interesting to note that all of the women in the Reichstag are in favor of protective legislation affecting women in industry. This question has never even been discussed in the Reichstag, and except for two or three radical feminists, such as Lyda Gustava Heymann and Anita Augspurg, whose attitude is quite exceptional, there are no longer any women in Germany who sponsor the relinquishment of protective legislation.

As a general rule bills before the Reichstag are voted on by the women according to their party or class-conviction. In 1926 legislation was brought before the House according to which unmarried mothers were to be dismissed from the government service. The bill was eventually passed by the Reichstag, but the preceding debates clearly showed the difference of opinion among the women members. Socialist women were generally opposed to this bill, while the Monarchists and Nationalists were shocked beyond speech at the very thought that the bill might not pass. A prominent woman member of the Democratic Party favored the bill on the ground that if unmarried mothers were *not* dismissed from the government service men might feel even fewer inhibitions, as they would be sure that the state, through the woman's salary, would be assuming his responsibility for her during her period of pregnancy.

One of the questions affecting women that is most widely discussed in Germany is the famous Paragraph 218 of the German legal code. According to this paragraph, abortions are illegal and punishable by long imprisonment for both the physician and the patient. Last year Paragraph 218 was again before the Reichstag, and the sponsors of its abolition were able to have the sentence mitigated to confinement in a prison instead of in a penitentiary. It was very interesting to study the different attitudes of the various women members toward this question. Catholic women, such as Frau Weber in the Center Party, were of course bitterly opposed to any change of Paragraph 218, but even among the Democratic and Socialist women there was no solidarity. As a whole the Socialist women were not opposed to any change in this paragraph on

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"moral" grounds, but they differed on the questions of health involved and as to whether effort, energy, and funds should not be spent first on the greater distribution of birth-control propaganda.

Many German women, especially those in the Reichstag, have been so busy emancipating their minds from pre-war ideas that they still look like *Hausfrauen* par excellence, but the fact that problems like Paragraph 218 are so frankly discussed shows what a tremendous change has occurred in the attitude of German women generally since the war. Before the war there were only a few remarkable personalities, such as Dr. Helene Stoecker, who were courageous enough to face these issues and to discuss them openly as social problems.

One of the chief differences between German and American feminists at the present time is their attitude toward home versus jobs. Among the older generation there are many feminists in Germany who seem to believe that a woman must choose between a career and a home. In other words, they do not face the fundamental problem of how a job and a husband can be coordinated. I do not know why this is, but I have sometimes suspected that many German women, even feminists, still harbor a profound awe for their *Herren der Schöpfung*, a sentiment which we Americans, perhaps, do not share, at least to the same extent.

Some of the older German feminists are very much discouraged about the women of the younger generation. The older women, who spent much of their life energy in bringing about suffrage, are somewhat bitter over the "casual" manner in which the younger women take their privileges as a matter of course. Many of the older women feel that there will be a reaction as far as women's rights are concerned, just as there has been a general political reaction in Germany during the last few years. These older women fear that the younger generation is not preparing for this fight to come, but I do not quite agree with them, for I feel that the younger women are doing their share toward maintaining the privileges which women now hold in Germany. I believe that these younger women are training the men of their generation to a modern conception of a woman's place in society, and after all one of the chief functions of any feminist movement is the education of males.

Contributors to This Issue

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